

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

NOVEMBER 30, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

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Cover: Bringing back the bird! ▶

Thousands of proud, sturdy retrievers, like this Chesapeake of Kenneth Hard, are bringing back the game this fall. For the showcase of the very best, turn to page 26.

Photograph by Tom Fritsch

Next week



▶ The annual salute to college basketball is highlighted by John G. Zimmermann's unique color photographs and Basketball Editor Jeremiah Tack's scouting reports on 152 teams.

▶ Another double-barreled look at the football season: the always surprising collegians turn one last time to tradition while the pros alarm-bang their way toward division.

▶ In *A Rough Ride with Roosevelt*, Theodore Roosevelt III tells how his marriage almost went to the dogs (Labradors) and how he and his wife finally managed to retrieve it.

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FOR *Christmas*
...GIVE

Oh
la
la

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...TOO WONDERFUL
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PARFUMS

CIRO

MEMO from the publisher



FOR SOME 950 college basketball teams taking to the courts next week on the 68th anniversary of the game, what they have been doing for the past six weeks may well have more bearing on what they do in the following 20 than all their height, sight or fight put together. And for the millions of spectators who throughout the season will live and die, suffer and exult on the sidelines, the secret of success may well be less visible than the yeast in a loaf of bread.

An unseen heaven can make a team rise—to backboards, baskets and occasions. Coaches across the country have been trying to brew it since October 15, the first day under NCAA regulations for authorized college practice.

The form it takes at first is sometimes hard to recognize in the final product. The figures you see here, for example, are not the Sandows and Tazzans of the future. They are basketball players of the present, preparing for their coming layups, rebounds and all-court presses. Next week in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* annual college basketball preview Jeremiah Tax explains these new practices in practice, new conditions in conditioning, of three outstanding coaches, Fordham's John Bach, Navy's Ben Carnevale and LA State's Sax Elliott.

New techniques in training are one thing. New players in action are another. This season looks like a strong one for sophomore prospects. Who they are is a feature of the scouting reports on 180 leading college teams.

On the visual side there turns up next week a new way of portraying the game. Our *SPECTACLE* in color is a unique study by Photographer John Zimmerman in which his imaginative use of the camera invents a representation of basketball that captures the quintessence of its most exciting moments.

Although some 40 pages of the issue are devoted to basketball, we are not neglecting the other sports events of the season. Both college and pro football claim substantial attention, sking is represented by Part II of Willy Schaeffler's *Sprungedeckel* and, finally, Teddy Roosevelt III tells in *A Rough Ride with Retrievers* how he coped with the dogs that menaced his marriage.

Arthur Murphy

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Jimmy Jemai's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Do you care whether or not your school has a good football team?*



**ADMIRAL ARLESON
BURKE**
*Chief of Naval
Operations*

Of course I do. Athletic teams are most important to morale, not only at the Naval Academy but throughout the whole Navy. A good team provides a naval symbol. It enhances *esprit de corps*. It adds to the competitive spirit. Competition is important not only to schools but also to individuals and nations.



**NELSON
ROCKEFELLER**
Governor of New York

I certainly do. At Dartmouth College pride and college spirit are a part of our football tradition, an inseparable bond which expresses itself after undergraduate days so strongly that each year 71% of our alumni contribute to the annual Dartmouth Fund. I'm sure the enthusiasm kindled by football helps a lot.

CONTINUED



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"Oh somewhere in this favored land . . ."

. . . someone is winning a glorious victory—or striking out on a monumental scale, as did mighty Casey in the famous poem. Either way it would have been great to watch. But if you couldn't be there, simply read about it in next week's **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**.

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HOTBOX continued



HAMILTON FISH
New York City
Former Harvard
football captain

Yes. In recent years there was an indifference toward football on the part of some of our college officials, who didn't care whether Harvard played the game or was successful. That tended to lessen the spirit of undergraduates and graduates. Today, from President Pusey down, this attitude has changed.



GEORGE J. COOKE
Princeton University
President, American
Alumni Council

Certainly, but I'd hate to see one team monopolize any sport. I wouldn't want to see Princeton the perennial Ivy League champion. It would be good for football if a different team won the championship each year. For instance, I would be happy if Columbia won it. So would Buff Donnell, the coach at Columbia.



JOSEPH F. CARLING
Long Beach, N.Y.
Speaker, N.Y. State
Assembly

Certainly. For years I cheered our great Fordham teams, from the Seven Blocks of Granite to the sad day when football was dropped. Isn't it regrettable that in the world's greatest city, only Columbia plays big-time college football? With our new expansion at Lincoln Square, Fordham alumni hope to bring football back.



JACK WALKER
New York City and
Annapolis
Mining operator

Sure I do. I played halfback for Canisius College in Buffalo for three years. I'd like to see Canisius win the national championship, that's how much I care. Isn't that better than the University of Chicago, formerly a great football power, winning the Giddyupkins championship from Cambridge University?



DR. CLARK L. KERR
Berkeley, Calif.
President, University
of California

The University of California has five football teams. My only wish is that each team play well against schools of the same size with comparable athletic and academic standards. On a more personal level, I spent my undergraduate days at Swarthmore and haven't looked at a Swarthmore football score for over 20 years.



G. L. CROSS
President, University
of Oklahoma

Yes, There would be no point in having a poor team. A good team has provided a beginning upon which state pride has been built. Oklahomans have thought themselves downgraded by such events as the ones recorded in *The Grapes of Wrath*. Our football team has brought about a change in thinking.



MARILYN MEYER
Tulane University
Cheerleader

Yes, but although it's fun to win, too many of us forget that football is a game and not the reason for college life. Good football is a great spirit builder, a rallying point for students and alumni. Interest among non-alumni can often be directed into other fields, thus making new friends for the university.



WILBUR EVANS
University of Texas
President, College
Sport Information Directors of America

Yes. A good football team provides a rallying flag for students and faculty as well as alumni. It has a definite part in the educational process, but it does not serve to be all-winning. I do not expect the Texas team to be a potential national power, merely one that will be a good representative of a great university.

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- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1 StL vs Syr | Cin at StL |
| at NY | Phil at Syr |
| Minn at NY | 18 Cin vs Phil |
| 2 Cin vs NY | at NY |
| at Syr | StL at NY |
| StL at Syr | 16 NY at Syr |
| 3 Cin vs Bos | StL at Det |
| at Phil | Phil at Cin |
| Minn at Phil | 15 StL at Minn |
| 4 Syr at Bos | 19 NY at Bos |
| Phil vs StL | Minn at Cin |
| at Det | Syr at Det |
| Minn at Det | Phil at StL |
| 5 Det at NY | 20 Cin at NY |
| Minn at Syr | Bos at Syr |
| Phil at StL | Phil at Minn |
| 6 StL at Cin | Det at StL |
| Bos at Minn | 22 NY vs Cin |
| Det at Phil | at Det |
| 7 StL vs Cin | Bos at Det |
| at NY | 25 Bos at NY |
| Bos at NY | Minn at StL |
| Minn vs Syr | Det at Cin |
| at Port., Ore. | Syr at Phil |
| 8 Det vs Cin | 26 NY at Phil |
| at Bos | StL at Syr |
| NY at Bos | Minn at Det |
| Syr vs Minn | 27 Bos at Cin |
| at SF | Det at Minn |
| 9 Det vs StL | 28 Minn at Bos |
| at Phil | Phil vs Cin |
| Cin at Phil | at StL |
| 10 StL at Bos | Syr at StL |
| Syr at NY | 30 Syr at Cin |
| 11 Bos at Phil | Bos at StL |
| Cin at Minn | Det vs NY |
| Det vs Syr | at Phil |
| at Roch | Minn at Phil |
| 12 NY at Det | 31 Minn at NY |

JANUARY

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1 Syr at Minn | Det at Syr |
| Bos vs Cin | Minn at Cin |
| at Det | Bos at StL |
| 2 StL at Det | 22 Bos vs Syr |
| Bos at Phil | at Phil |
| NY at Cin | StL at Phil |
| Det at StL | NY at Cin |
| 3 Bos at Syr | 31 Phil vs Syr |
| Cin at Det | at Bos |
| NY at StL | StL at Bos |
| 4 Phil at Bos | NY at Det |
| 5 Minn vs Phil | 14 StL at Syr |
| at NY | NY at Minn |
| Det at NY | 15 Minn at Cin |
| 6 Cin vs NY | Syr at StL |
| at Phil | Bos at Phil |
| StL at Phil | 16 Cin at NY |
| 7 Det vs Phil | Det at Minn |
| at Syr | Phil at Bos |
| Cin at Syr | Minn at StL |
| Bos at Minn | NY at Syr |
| 8 StL at Cin | Cin at Det |
| 9 Syr at Phil | 18 NY at Phil |
| Bos at Det | 20 NY at Bos |
| Cin at Minn | Phil at Syr |
| 10 Phil at NY | StL at Cin |



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SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

MUGGY—Felix Hawkes, former Army All-America and now Rhodes scholar at Oxford, after less than two months with Oxford squad was given place on team for next month's match with Cambridge, i.e., a chance to earn his "Blue."

BOXING—An anticipated demonstration of boxing at its best with Lionel South African lightweight held off changing Len Matthews with real counterpunching. In eighth round of Madison Square Garden match Matthews finally found his mark, floored Toward twice but couldn't keep his man down. Toward won by split decision.

BASKETBALL—In tight scramble against Boston at Rhode at Madison Square Garden, New York Knicks almost won their first game against an Eastern Division team, but lost it in closing seconds when Bob Cousy



REFEREE RUDDOLPH POINTS BRAUN OUT

hit for a set and two fouls, giving Boston one-point victory. In heat of play Referee Rudolf, unmoved by arm-waving Knick Coach Fuzzy Levane, tossed Guard Carl Braun from game for unsports-like remarks, showed he held the upper hand in one of most demonstrative scenes of the week.

TROTTERING—Before Act Four of \$75,800 American Trotting Classic at Ingleswood, Calif., French import and perennial star Jacqui left for home, leaving *Sensae Free* and *Charming Barbara*, the other principals in the triangle, to settle the matter. The *Sensae* came down the curtain with little fanfare but great haste on track record for mile with time of 1:17.10, left *Barbara* 1 1/2 lengths behind.

HORSE RACING—In last major 2-year-old romp of the year *Whispering Rehe's* program figured a victory to show his stuff took off on \$17,320 *Palma Futurity* and dashed home two lengths ahead of *Cash Boy's* All Hands.

BASEBALL—In revolutionary move major leagues looked off three-week unwarmed trade policy. First trades were pedestrian, as Chicago Cubs bartered Pitcher Dave Williams and journeyman infielder Jim Marshall to Boston Red Sox for First Baseman Dick Gernert, and Cincinnati Reds exchanged Relief Pitcher Tom Achler to Kansas City Athletics for Catcher Frank House.

FOR THE RECORD

BASKETBALL BOSTON, leader in N.B.A. Eastern Division outdug DETROIT, leader in Western Division.

BOXING BENNY CASPER (retired) knocked Ray Gault, American, out in 10th round of 15th bout for *King of the Ring*, *Knockout*, in London. GIBSON FRIEDMAN (retired) knocked Harry Wright, 161, out in 10th round of 15th bout for *Knockout*, *Knockout*, in London. After 10th round, GIBSON FRIEDMAN (retired) knocked Harry Wright, 161, out in 10th round of 15th bout for *Knockout*, *Knockout*, in London.

CROSS-COUNTRY MURKIN, FIVE, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 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SCOREBOARD *continued*

faces in the crowd . . .



CAPTAIN H. F. GEE, owner of Cain Roy Stable, became year's leading money-winning owner (\$137,211) when Hall Eagle won Gallant Fox Handicap at Aqueduct and All Hearts placed in Preakness Futurity.

RAWFORD KENNEDY, five-footed Michigan State distance runner, predicted before NCAA cross-country championships in New York that he would cut nine seconds off record, did even better, broke record by 9.2 seconds.



AUDREY SORENSON, 16-year-old red-headed high school student from Arlington, Va., managed tearful victory while after election as 1959 National Roll or Skate Queen at Miami Beach over 29 other finalists.



JOSEPH DIMARCO III, 17-year-old son of the Yankee Clipper and center for Lawrenceville School, more than earned football letter when he booted two extra points toward 22-14 victory over archrival, The Hill.



AUDREY EIKEN, of Holmdel, N.J., entered her 16-year-old mare Golden Fly in seven hunt races this fall, saw her win six of them for 22 points and United Hunt Horse Association's Thresher Division award.

JOHN H. CARSON, Delaware's 41st Governor, who refuses from cups of office by dining eaters, showed winning style when he steered his trotter Master Sent home first in race at Rockingham Park, N.H.



EDDIE JOE PEO, 19, pro at San Jose CC, San Jose, Calif., who started as club caddy 38 years ago, was named PGA Golf Professional of the Year for his all-around ability and contributions to game.



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FOOTBALL'S 10TH WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

The would-be mighty were still stumbling as college football began packing its trunks and looking up at the close of another season. It was a week of traditional games (for one of the edited-in page 16), and USC was caught up in the whirl of upsets, leaving Syracuse as the nation's only major unbeaten and untied team.



BACK OF THE WEEK: Stanford's Dick Norman, in amazing passing show, set NCAA single-game marks for pass completions, percentage (34 of 39) and yards (401).

— but the Orangemen still have to face UCLA, the conqueror Saturday of the Trojans.

THE MIDWEST

The meek-minded Big Ten, still in a battle royal, fought for the conference title literally down to the final gun. In Minneapolis Wisconsin staved off a late Minnesota rally to win 13-7 the game 11-7 and 2-1 place in the Rose Bowl. But the Badgers needed help from Illinois, which knocked Northwestern out 28-0.

Lumbering Minnesota, playing as if Coach Murray Wannath's job depended on the outcome, worried Wisconsin near to death, but couldn't compete with the individual brilliance of Badger Quarterback Dale Hackbart. Karl Holzwarth's seventh field goal of the year for an NCAA record date tied by Colorado College's George Grant, pulled Wisconsin close after the Gophers led 7-0 and Hackbart led a last-quarter charge that brought the Badgers victory and the crown.

With Fullback Bill Brown crashing up the middle and Halfback Johnny Counts sweeping wide, the Illini tore apart Northwestern's suddenly porous defense and sent the waiting Wildcats down to their third straight loss, giving retiring Coach Ray Eliot a victory to remember. Illinois ended the year with 5-3-1 record.

Ohio State piled up more yardage but

Michigan sent Buckeye Coach Woody Hayes into a chair-throwing frenzy as it unleashed Tony Rio and Stan Neskin for timely touchdowns and a 24-14 win. Purdue made effective use of some of Coach Jack Mollenkopf's aged wing-T manipulations and a fourth-period field goal by Bernie Allen to retain the Old



LINEBACKER OF THE WEEK: Wisconsin Tackle Jerry Sadrup's hard tackles stalled Minnesota drives, were vital in earning Rose Bowl ticket for Badgers.

Oaken Bucket for the 12th straight year by snapping Indiana 10-7.

George Igo, in fine fettle at last, fired three scoring passes, but Notre Dame again needed the talented tot of Monty Stickles to salvage a 20-19 win over Iowa.

Missouri, which seemed to be holding open the door to the Orange Bowl for its foe, finally caught Kansas trapping over the door sill. Eight times the Jayhawks let the ball slip away and five times the Tigers pounced on it. In the end, Missouri had a 13-9 triumph and a reservation in Miami on Jan. 1.

Oklahoma, now winner of a dozen Big Eight titles in a row but ineligible for a second successive appearance in the Orange Bowl, conspired itself with a 35-12 conquest of Iowa State. Prentice Gault led an all-around attack as the Sooners added up 348 yards running, none passing.

With the Mid-American championship and an undefeated and untied season in the balance, Bowling Green fought back from a 9-0 deficit to take Ohio U. in the second half 13-9.

In other games, Marquette trounced Holy Cross 30-12; Kansas State, blanked in four previous games, outscored Nebraska 29-14; Detroit crushed Villanova 40-6. The top three:

1. WISCONSIN (7-3)
2. ILLINOIS (5-3-1)
3. PURDUE (5-3-2)

Continued



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THE EAST

Harvard fans waved their handkerchiefs, exploded crimson and yellow smoke bombs and savored a 35-6 roasting of Yale. Crimson barks repeatedly tore through the Bulldog line and in one 12-minute span scored 27 points. When Charlie Rowen wasn't dominating play, Halfback Chet Boulier was gaining 95 yards rushing, scampering on an 85-yard pass play and scoring once.

With 56 seconds to go, Dartmouth Quarterback Bill Gundy hit Halfback Alan Rozycki with a pass on the Princeton five. Rozycki slithered past several tacklers and into the end zone, keeping the Indians' slim Ivy League title hopes flickering with a 12-7 victory.

Plat, enervated by a shot of three C's (Backs Bob Clements, Fred Cox and Jim Cunningham), made shambles of Penn State 22-7. Together, the C-Men reeled for 287 yards and 14 points. That running power and Ivan Tomec's tricky ball handling won't the Nittany Lions have to think again before taking a Liberty Bowl offer.

To say that Syracuse beat Boston U. 45-0 is to understate the ease. Offensively, Syracuse gained 511 yards. Defensively, Syracuse held the Terriers to minus-88 yards rushing and 18 yards overall.

Columbia, no longer a gem of the football ocean, rewarded its brave fans by dumping Rutgers 26-16. Ladsyevy whipped Lehigh 28-6, but it was hard to say who won the students' fourth-quarter brawl.

In other games Delaware bombed Bucknell 22-6; Temple lost its 21st straight to Gettysburg 35-0; all-winning Hobarta clipped Kings Point 40-18. The top three:

1. ATRIACUS (9-0)
2. PENN STATE (8-2)
3. PITT (8-4)

10TH WEEK LEADERS

(APCA statistics)

SCORED	TD	PNT	PK		
Rick Flaco, Stanford	11	25	3		
Nolan Jones, Arizona St.	10	23	3		
Almer Haynes, N. Texas St.	14	6	0		
RUSHING	R	YDS	AVG		
Tom Watkins, Iowa State	158	843	5.3		
Dwight Nichols, Iowa State	297	746	3.6		
Dirk Bask, COWP	139	742	5.3		
PASSING	R	Q	PCT	YDS	TD
Dirk Norman, Stanford	283	152	57.1	1,963	11
Pete Hall, Marquette	237	120	50.6	1,589	7
Jack Lee, Cincinnati	201	116	57.7	1,359	7
TOTAL OFFENSE	R	P	YDS		
Dirk Norman, Stanford	55	1,963	2,018		
Pete Hall, Marquette	34	1,589	1,583		
Jack Lee, Cincinnati	22	1,359	1,372		
TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS	GAME	AVG	
Syracuse	670	4,029	491	8.2	
Iowa	632	3,399	378	8.9	
North Texas State	665	3,713	374	5.6	
TOTAL TEAM DEFENSE	PLAYS	YDS	GAME	AVG	
Syracuse	430	815	91	8.9	
LSU	559	1,432	145	2.6	
Mississippi	467	1,357	151	9.0	



NEW FACES OF THE WEEK: California's End Guel Binscott (left) scored on 48-yard pass play, was a hard-to-move defender in 20-17 win over Stanford. TCU Halfback Marshall Harris romped 55 yards, picked off scoring pass to help crush Rice 35-6.

THE WEST

Washington used a one-eyed quarterback and a two-footed running game to reel its claim to a trip to the Rose Bowl. Bob Schlerer called the signals as the Huskies mauled old rival Washington State 20-0. UCLA took advantage of a fumble recovery and a pass interference penalty to snap Southern California's unbeaten string at eight. The penalty gave the Bruins the ball on the Trojans' seven, and three plays later Fullback Ray Smith drove into the end zone to climax the 10-3 upset.

Fleet Don Perkins rambled for 126 yards rushing (setting a three-year Skyline mark of 2,091 yards), scored twice on runs, once on a 64-yard pass play as New Mexico upended Air Force 25-27.

Oregon State fumbled the first two times it had the ball, was unable to complete a pass all afternoon but still managed to shock Oregon 15-7, killing the Beavers' eager aspirations for a Rose Bowl bid. Despite magnificent passing by Quarterback Dick Norman, Stanford bowed to California 20-17.

In other games Dick Buss led College of the Pacific over San Jose State 20-7; Utah trimmed Utah State 35-21; Idaho won its first game of the year, edging Montana 9-6. The top three:

1. USC (6-1)
2. WASHINGTON (5-1)
3. UCLA (4-2-2)

THE SOUTHWEST

Texas Christian, unable to go to the Cotton Bowl again, announced that it would be present at the new Bluebonnet Bowl on Dec. 19 in Houston, as partisan fans were still relishing Larry Terrell's 95-yard scoring scamper with a fumble. Final score, 35-6 over Rice.

Arkansas can get to the Cotton Bowl only if Texas loses its finale to Texas A&M. Should Texas win, though, the Razorbacks would be out of luck if it were not for some clever afterthoughts by Coach Frank Broyles. He has a Gator Bowl bid safely stuffed away in his hip pocket and is as viable as Texas Christian. Jim Mooley, Lance Alworth and Curtis Cook in good practice against Texas Tech as Arkansas won handily 27-8.

Southern Methodist did all its scoring in the first half to whip Baylor 30-14. The Mustang attack was built around the throwing Quarterbacks Don Meredith and Ken Lowe. Baylor went to the air, too, actually outplayed the Mustangs there in a losing cause.

North Texas State got in its last heels before its Sun Bowl encounter. The Eagles overhauled Drake, amassing 499 yards and 62 points to two for Drake.

Arizona State captured Border Conference laurels by dumping Haida-Sonoma 14-8. Arizona rallied to trip Texas Western 14-10. The top three:

1. TCU (7-3)
2. TEXAS (6-1)
3. ARIZONA (5-2)

THE SOUTH

Quarterback Fran Curci and his determined Mame teammates apparently blanch at nothing these days, not even rain in Florida and opponents' press notices. Curci worked his magic on high-striding Michigan State 18-13, using all the skill in his 162-pound body to set up one touchdown and score the other. A win Saturday against Florida should earn an Orange Bowl bid.

Wake Forest, finding Clemson vulnerable to passes, tried to make too much of a good thing. A third-down pass late in the final quarter was picked off by George Urry, who scampered 64 yards to the Deacons' 11. Urry then crashed over for the decisive points, a 33-31 win and Clemson's second straight ACC crown.

Coach Tom Nugent opened his many-splendored play book wide, came up with everything from punts to laughs as Maryland trampled Virginia 55-12.

South Carolina Fullback John Saunders, out most of the year with a bad shoulder, got into action finally, powered a 78-yard winning drive that helped overtake North Carolina State 12-7.

End Paul Maguire teamed with Quarterback Jerry Nettles on scoring passes of 31 and 51 yards, but it took a 23-yard run with an intercepted pass by Billy Hughes for The Citadel to stave off West Virginia 20-14.

LBI, backbored by Billy Canton's 45-yard scoring burst, topped Tulane 14-6, showing its over-all weakness en route.

Kentucky, which had yet to win in six SEC games, turned on Tennessee 20-0. Calvin Bird scored all Wildcat touchdowns, the last on a 62-yard punt return.

Coach Bear Bryant's reconstruction schedule at Alabama came perilously close to running late. Little Memphis state, which had the better of the statistics, was the culprit before Alabama prevailed 14-7 with a second-half comeback.

In other games Auburn drubbed Mississippi Southern 28-7 and Florida stopped Florida State 18-8. The top three:

1. USC (6-1)
2. MISSISSIPPI (6-1)
3. GEORGIA (5-1)



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COMING EVENTS

November 27 to December 3
All times are E.S.T.

• Color television • Television • Network radio

Friday, November 27

- BOWLING**
• Hunter vs. Mitzel, Inglewood, 10 p.m., Mad Sq.
Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Saturday, November 28

- AUTO RACING**
Bahamas Speed Week, Nassau, Bahamas Islands (through Dec. 7)
- BASKETBALL** (pre)
• Detroit at Boston, 4:30 p.m. (NBC)
• Minneapolis at St. Louis
• Philadelphia at New York
• Syracuse at Capital City
- BASEBALL**
Fall Nationals, Colorado, Calif. (through Dec. 6)
- FOOTBALL** (college)
• Arkansas vs. Auburn at Birmingham
- Army vs. Navy at Philadelphia (NBC TV and radio) *
- Georgia at Georgia Tech.
• Miami vs. Florida at Jacksonville
• Mississippi at Mississippi State
• SMU at TCU
- USC at Notre Dame, 1:50 p.m. (ABC)
• Canadian pre
• Grey Cup, Toronto
- GOLF**
• All-Star Golf series, Palmer vs. Harney, Las Vegas, Nev., 8 p.m. in each time zone (ABA)
- HORSE RACING**
• Kentucky Handicap, \$50,000 added, Aqueduct, New York, 3:45 p.m. (NBC)
- ROGUES**
• N.A.A. champs, final day, Boston, Conn.

Sunday, November 29

- BASKETBALL**
• U.S. vs. U.S.S.R., men and women, Florida, 23. (pre)
• Boston at Minneapolis
- New York at Philadelphia, 2:45 p.m. (NBC)
- FOOTBALL** (pre)
• Chicago Bears at Chicago Cardinals (CBS) *
- Los Angeles at Baltimore (CBS-TV, Mutual-radio) *
- Philadelphia at Pittsburgh (CBS) *
- San Francisco at Cleveland (CBS, Sports Network) *
- Washington at New York (CBS TV and radio) *
- GOLF**
• World Championship Golf series, Harrison vs. Yost, Carmel, Calif., 4:30 p.m. (NBC)
- HOCKEY**
• Chicago at New York
• Montreal at Boston
• Toronto at Detroit

Monday, November 30

- HORSE RACING**
• Queens County Handicap, \$25,000 added, Aqueduct, New York

Tuesday, December 1

- BASKETBALL** (college)
• Alabam Christian at St. Louis
• Toledo State College at Kentucky
• Indiana State at Cleveland
- South Dakota State at Kansas State
• Tennessee at West Virginia
• U.S. at USC
- (pre)
• St. Louis vs. Syracuse, New York vs. Minneapolis at New York

Wednesday, December 2

- BASKETBALL**
• U.S. vs. U.S.S.R., men and women, Cleveland, (college) *
- North Carolina at North Carolina
- BOWLING**
• World's Match Game champs, Chicago (through Dec. 11)
- BOXING**
• Charley vs. Brown, light title bout, 10 p.m., Houston, 10 p.m. (ABC)

Thursday, December 3

- BASKETBALL** (college)
• Alabam Christian at Bradley
• Butler at Illinois
• Memphis State at Ohio State
• St. Louis vs. St. John's, Marquette vs. NYU at Mad Sq. Garden, New York
• Utah State at Seattle

*See local listing



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HERE ARE THE BEST OF THE IVIES

From oft-derided Ivy League football come a few excellent players and a number of interesting young men

by ROY TERRELL

IT was the final big week of the season, and not without its surprises. But high up in the stadium at New Haven Saturday afternoon, when the scores of the nation's big games were read out over the public address system, a man growled, "Ye gods! Who cares?" For at New Haven, Harvard was playing Yale and this was The Game. Although other The Games were played across the country (see page 10), only what happened in the Yale Bowl had meaning for Yales and Harvards. Especially, as it turned out, was this The Game for Harvards.

After losing to Brown just the week before, they celebrated Saturday by demolishing Yale, which had not been scored upon until the sixth game of the season. The score was 35-6, the largest point total the Crimson had run up on the Blue in 44 years. In one 12-minute segment,

with Chet Bouldris banging through tackle and Charlie Ravenel confusing the Yale defenders with his roll-out magic and a bunch of kids people had never heard of making like Billy Cannon's cousins, Harvard scored 27 points and put the game away.

Outside of the fact that all sons of Harvard within several light years of New Haven went into spasms, what happened there was really of no importance to the Ivy League. In any other conference, most eyes would have been directed toward Princeton. There Dartmouth, on the several talents of Bill Gundy and Jake Crouthamel, scored a touchdown in the last minute of play and beat Princeton 12-7. It was Dartmouth's fifth straight Ivy League victory, five in a row since Gundy got his health back, and could mean a second straight league championship for Dartmouth should Penn lose to Cornell on Thanks-

giving Day. Penn, however, idle Saturday, has given no indication that it is going to be knocked off by anyone. It is almost certain to win the Ivy League title.

But outside the Ivy League no one really cares about this eventuality, either. The reason is that most sections of the country are not very impressed by Ivy League football or, more particularly, by Ivy League football players. Mention of Ivy League football usually suggests a certain picture to outlanders' minds that goes something like this:

Take a tackle from Michigan State—or Southern Cal or TCU or Tennessee—reduce his muscles and build up his brain. Buy him a knit tie and a button-down shirt. Transport his old man from the oil fields to a seat on the stock exchange, with a home on the Main Line. Assure the boy of a job on Madison Avenue or Wall Street when he graduates from school. Burn his paperback mystery and give him a copy of Proust. Throw him a football—he will probably drop it—and tell him to have fun. And what do you have? A Yale man. Or a Harvard or Dartmouth or Princeton or Penn man. Or that is what everyone seems to think.

To find out what the Ivy player is really like, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has selected an all-star team consisting, approximately, of the 11 best men in the Ivy League at their positions. Approximately, because there are actually 12 of them—three halfbacks being virtually equal in ability—and

continued

COLOR OF THE WEEK: HARVARD ON THE RISE

His name is Charlie Ravenel, and they call him The Gambler. In this action from the Harvard-Yale game on Saturday the nervy little quarterback for the Crimson (24) leaps high to look for his receiver. Open-mouthed, Ravenel shows his surprise at finding his man, End Bob Boyda, being held up by Yale's Bob Blane-

chard (35). That Ravenel then had to eat the ball affected his composure not a whit. He dazzled 66,063 spectators in the Yale Bowl with feats of mercurial running, scored two touchdowns, passed for one conversion, ran for another and slickly started big Chet Bouldris on repeated gains in Harvard's 35-6 upset victory.

Photograph by Hy Peskin

approximately, because even the Ivy League coaches can't agree on who the best tackles and guards are. But it is a representative team and a good one; the missing players (like Tom Budrewicz of Brown, perhaps the toughest tackle in the conference when uninjured; Yale and Harvard's splendid quarterbacks Tom Singleton and Charlie Ravenel; Ends Jon Greenwald of Penn and Ed Kostelnik of Princeton; Centers Frank Srvetec of Princeton and Ron Champion of Penn) are absent from the list only because there is no more room.

One thing seems certain. There is no typical Ivy League player. The boys are rich and poor, neat and sloppy, large and small, quick and slow. Some are campus leaders and belong to half a dozen clubs; others are quiet and retiring. The boy with a career all lined up after graduation is an exception. Academically, they devote

more time to football than they should; their grades suffer and they must hustle to take up the slack each spring. Some are married, some single; some work, some don't. Most are proud of the tag Ivy Leaguer; a few, about the phrase and frequently wish they had gone some place else.

As a football conference, the Ivy League suffers by comparison chiefly from two causes: de-emphasis on victory and the resultant decision to abolish spring training, and an insistence upon a relatively high degree of academic excellence, both for admission and continued competition. While the standards are no higher than those demanded by some colleges outside the Ivy League, they are certainly higher than most—and this has materially contributed to lessening the number of outstanding football players who can get in.

There is no question but that some of the players on this all-Ivy League team could star in any league and might even make the pros. The others

—remember this is the best of the crop—could hold their own anywhere. If they practiced more and had more competition for positions, they might do better than that.

But whatever the limitations, each of the 12 boys expects eventually to benefit from an Ivy League education; he has had an unusual opportunity to develop his skills and poise; regardless of whether he is a brain or just a student who struggles to get by, he has at least been challenged to think. There are few snap courses in the Ivy League.

Steve Sebo of Penn is perhaps the only coach in history to have lost a good end, a boy named Bill Kesack, for a whole year of eligibility because the boy flunked nuclear physics. "The difference between the Ivy League and other places," says Sebo, who was once an assistant at Michigan State, "is that there, when the players get on a bus, they talk football. Here when we make a trip the kids talk about how to split the atom."

THE IVY LEAGUE ALL-STARS

GORDON BATCHELLER Princeton tackle (6 feet 1, 205 pounds)

Moods, introspective, shy, Batcheller could have stopped right off North Beach in San Francisco or out of Greenwich Village. He wears his hair long and roams the campus dressed in a black leather jacket and a pair of black leather boots. At Princeton, yet.

"The guys call me a hood," he says, "but I don't care. This is the way I like to dress. And I can't wear a tie. My neck keeps getting bigger, and none of my shirts fit." But Batcheller isn't really a hood at all, maybe not even very beat. He's just a nice boy who is different—and a whole of a tackle.

Son of a Navy captain (Annapolis, class of '34), Batcheller never played football until his junior year in high school, had no college scholarship offers, and hardly hoped to progress past the minor varsity at Princeton. As a matter of fact, he didn't even expect to go to Princeton. "It was an accident," he says. "When I took my college board exams I wrote down my preferences: Virginia, Michigan, Illinois, Georgia Tech, Bates. But someone said, 'You're entitled to put down six schools. Why don't you try one in the Ivy League?' So I wrote down Princeton. It was just a name. When Princeton accepted me everyone said, 'You'd be foolish to pass up this chance.' So I came to Princeton."

More than three years later, Batcheller isn't sure whether he likes the idea or not. "I view it with mixed emotions," he says. "It's a great school, and all the opportunities are here. All the tools. But you get out of it what you put into it, and I have a feeling I've missed too many opportunities. I run into these perceived cycles. I'll stay up until 4 o'clock in the morning and then sleep till noon. Cut my classes. I guess I have a negative attitude."

Still, Batcheller has done well. Since giving up the idea of becoming an engineer in his sophomore year and switching to economics, his grades have shown a sharp rise. And on the football field, where he has advanced from the jayvees to second string to stardom in three years—while gaining more than 20 pounds—Batcheller has become a demon. He is perhaps the most improved football player in the conference. Two weeks ago in a losing game against Yale, Batcheller was named the outstanding lineman on the field.

"I'm happy about Ivy League football," he says, "because I might not have been good enough to play some place else, but I feel they have gone too far with de-emphasis. In fact, they have made football the whipping boy. What's wrong with holding spring practice? They have fall crew practice, don't they?"



CHET BOULRIS Harvard halfback (6 feet 1, 195 pounds)

When Boulris graduated from Deerfield Academy, after being an all-state player at Springfield, Mass. Technical High School, 79 colleges offered him scholarships: all the Big Ten schools, every one of the Ivies, Notre Dame, UCLA. Today, if he were one step faster he would be a sure bet for the pros; he has size and power, can pass and punt. But Chet Boulris has never been sorry he picked Harvard. "What I missed in football," he says, "I feel I have more than made up for in other ways."

Boulris is a tough kid who made good. His father is dead, his mother and sister have only modest means and weren't in favor of Chet's going to college. At Harvard, where he receives a scholarship—Ivy League scholarships are usually based on need—Boulris was frequently in trou-

ble throughout his first two years. He was a borderline student floundering amidst the demands of pre-med and athletics; he was a ready-on the field, sometimes a braggart and a wise guy in class. He didn't have a chip on his shoulder, he had the entire board.

But during his junior year a marvelous transformation came over Boulris. He buckled down to his studies and began to make good grades. He has developed exceptional poise and manners. He is serious and intense, confident and assured.

Boulris wears glasses even when he plays football, because childhood scarlet fever left him with weak eyes. On kick-offs he has great difficulty picking up the ball in flight. But when he gets hold of the thing he's awfully hard to stop. Yale discovered that once again on Saturday.



BOB BOYE Dartmouth guard (6 feet 10, 190 pounds)

Marrs'd and already a graduate student, Boye considers himself neither a football player nor an Ivy Leaguer. No one offered him a scholarship when he graduated from high school, partly because he didn't need it. His father is a partner in a Wall Street investment house and has a seat on the stock exchange.

"My physical plant is so unimpressive," says Boye, who is an exceptional student and often talks this way, "that when my father took me down to introduce me to the coaches as a freshman, they asked if I were a halfback."

As for being an Ivy Leaguer, Boye feels that the expression today means "a tweed bag, a guy who is stereotyped, and I

don't want to be that." There is little danger. To Bob Boye there are things more important than clothes and clubs—or even football. At first he wasn't going to play at all this year, and he missed several weeks of practice. "But when I arrived back at school and saw the guys out for football, I just had to play. It was an aspect of my life I had to fulfill. I'd played organized football nine years, and there was a compulsion to complete it."

Boye will have a job on Wall Street, too, when he graduates, and he has no worries about his future. But then he isn't the kind to worry, anyway; Bob has enough determination and intelligence to make out all right wherever he goes.



JOHN SADUSKY Cornell end (6 feet 2, 200 pounds)

To Sadusky, the Ivy League has been everything that he hoped—and more. Son of a small corner grocery store proprietor in Mahanoy City, Pa., he was big and aggressive enough to play football anywhere, a tremendous blocker, rough on defense. But he was also a brilliant student, and Cornell's educational opportunities attracted him.

Sadusky dresses well, is friendly and quiet, makes top grades in a demanding civil engineering curriculum (struc-

tural design, aerial and route surveying, engineering law, geology). He likes the Ivy League attitude toward football and particularly the attitude at Cornell—"always interested, occasionally excited, never apathetic."

"At Cornell," he says, "I don't have to sacrifice one thing for the other. Football comes first with me during the season, but when it's over I concentrate entirely on my studies. I'm an Ivy Leaguer who just happens to play football."

JOHN MARCHIANO Penn guard (6 feet 2, 200 pounds)

A dark, intense boy who grew up in South Philadelphia, the son of a fireman, Marchiano always looked upon the University of Pennsylvania as a wonderful and important place. He plays football because he likes the game, and could have done the same at a number of other schools. But to him the game has been the means to an end: a Penn scholarship, a degree in civil engineering and, even-

tually, after service, graduate work in the aircraft structural field. He was an end in his freshman year, a center for two years, is now a tremendous pulling guard.

"A man plays football here," he says, "because he wants to play football, not because it will make him a big man on the campus. Nobody downgrades you at Penn because you play. However, nobody makes a fuss about you, either."

CONTINUED





JAKE CROUTHAMEL Dartmouth halfback (5 feet 11, 191 pounds)

Jake Crouthamel, in appearance a kind of Ivy League Huck Finn, is a happy boy. He loves to play football and he is good at it—a tiger on defense, one of the best all-around halfbacks the Ivy League has had in years. The pros are after him to try out. He studies hard—diplomatic relations, great issues, American thought—and has the easy grace and assurance of a natural athlete whose physical ability is backed up by a good mind. He likes Ivy League football as a sport, because the competition is keen and the play is rough. "Maybe it doesn't measure up in ruggedness and personnel to some of the

other conferences," he says, "but you always know, afterwards, that you've been in a football game." Jake Crouthamel has a beef, however.

"I have a scholarship based on need," says Jake, whose father is a foreman in a Perkasie, Pa. garment plant and has made sacrifices to send his son and a daughter to college. "Yet every year except this one it's been cut." He believes the Ivies should relax the rules, allow spring training, let the players compete in postseason games if they are given the chance. "But the Ivy League code forbids participation, and this I resent."

PAUL CHOQUETTE Brown fullback (6 feet, 205 pounds)

Paul Choquette is a Catholic and the bruising kind of fullback who will run over you; his mother was a Gilbane from Providence and the sister of two former stars at Brown. So Paul had a hard time in choosing between Notre Dame and Brown, completely ignoring offers from LSU—which invited him down for Marlin Gray—and 36 other schools. He picked Notre Dame but injured his back before enrolling and then, afraid he would never be able to play football, decided instead to go to Brown. The decision has made Brown very happy.

Brown has been good for Choquette,

too, although Paul's father, a chemical engineer out of MIT, has had to foot the bill. Only occasionally now does Choquette regret that he didn't get a crack at playing for the big team in South Bend.

Choquette does not consider himself an Ivy League type, despite his smooth clothes, his obvious poise and membership in a handful of clubs. He wants to be a lawyer and probably will; he is an outstanding student, one of five Brown undergraduates recommended for a Rhodes scholarship. The only irritant in his life is that Brown does not always show universal enthusiasm for football.



BILL GUNDY Dartmouth quarterback (6 feet 1, 191 pounds)

A big, blond, handsome prototype of the Ivy League, Bill Gundy is an enigma. A terrific passer, he doubts that he is good enough for the pros. Warm and well-liked, he doubts that other students are impressed because he is a successful athlete. He sometimes licks confidently in what he does and wonders if his Ivy League background will really help him find a job. But the truth is that no one worries about Bill Gundy but Bill Gundy.

Although his father is a prospering Byr, N.Y. pediatrician, Gundy works to help pay his way through school. "I can't qualify for a scholarship because of

need," he says, "but I have an elder brother in mid school and a younger brother at Dartmouth. I feel a duty to make part of my expenses."

So Gundy peddles sandwiches during the evening which his wife makes during the day. There are also two little Gundys, which means that Bill plays football, works and runs a family; he also finds time to make a senior honor society while carrying a heavy study load (abnormal psychology, economic history, advanced psychology, great novels) and belongs to a fraternity. It is difficult to understand why Bill Gundy should be unsure of himself



FRED DOELLING Penn halfback (5 feet 11, 188 pounds)

Fred Doelling comes from Valparaiso, Ind., where his father is a painting contractor who never went past the 10th grade, but Doelling isn't trying to prove anything by going to school on the Ivy League. He is having a ball.

A slick dresser in narrow lapels, eyelet-collar shirts and striped ties, this handsome kid from Penn who leads the conference in rushing is taking a pre-dentistry course but really wants to play pro ball. Although his grades are only slightly above C, he doesn't worry. "I can do B

work in the spring," he says, and he probably will. He lives at the Phi Delta Theta fraternity house.

Doelling had never heard of Penn until one of the assistant coaches came nursing around the Gary area looking for talent and offered him a chance to go to this strange Ivy League school. Now Fred is very happy about it all.

"Football and the Ivy League have given me self-confidence I needed," he says. "I used to say 'yup' and 'nope.' Now I find I can talk to people easily."



MIKE PYLE *Yale center (6 feet 3,— 215 pounds)*

"I'm a football player," says Mike Pyle, "who goes to school in the Ivy League." And sometimes, Mike admits, he wishes that he didn't. Ivy League football, to him, has been a big disappointment.

Another heavily recruited high school star, Pyle came out of football-famous New Trier in Winnetka, Ill. and considered following his older brother, Palmer, to Michigan State. His father, a sales manager for Kraft Foods, hoped that he might. Mr. Pyle doesn't mind the scholarship-according-to-need principle of the Ivies—he can afford to pay Mike's way. He just likes the Big Ten. But Mike chose Yale because he believed that he wouldn't be missing too much in the way of football, and that he would have the benefit of a superior education. An honor student in high school, he still thinks the academic choice a wise one: the industrial administration curriculum he follows, a somewhat lethal combination of engineering and business, tests his mental powers to the utmost. In fact, because of football and the heavy scholastic load, Pyle has time enough neither for what he considers proper social activities (girls) nor sleep.

"The Ivy League," he says, "should have better teams. If it would only ease

up on the admission requirements, then the schools wouldn't have to turn away so many good athletes. The main difference here is the lack of depth and competition. It's hard to extend yourself when you know you're not being pushed for your job. We have a number of players who could play anywhere in the country; we just don't have enough of them. I'm disappointed with the de-emphasis at Yale. We have the facilities and a great coaching staff, but the school's policies make it difficult to attract outstanding talent.

"Ivy League athletes should have the same opportunity as anyone else to play in a postseason game. Every time I sign the Ivy League code I have an evil taste in my mouth. It's just a silly two-page document and I don't believe in it, but I have to sign it in order to play. I don't think the Ivy League has been fair to the athlete."

But Mike Pyle likes the wonderful spirit at Yale and believes that here, unlike some other Ivy League schools, it is a definite benefit to play football. "When the time comes to go out and look for a job," he says, "I think it will be an advantage to have been a Yale football player."



BOB ASACK *Columbia tackle (6 feet 3,— 225 pounds)*

A sophomore, and only 19 years old, Asack may be the best pro prospect in the Ivy League. He is not the fastest tackle around and he has a lot to learn, but opposing teams have discovered that this big boy from Raynham, Mass. is hard to run over; against Columbia, they usually go the other way. "Asack," says Gordon Batcheller, "was the first guy this year to knock me on my back." Asack had offers from a dozen football schools but turned them down for the Ivy League—and, one day, he may do the same to the pros. He appreciates the opportunities an Ivy League education presents to the son of a road gang boss.

"This cultural background," he says,

"makes you aware of the finer things in life. I was leaning toward Harvard, but my high school grades were only fair. Now I'm glad I came to Columbia. It's a tremendously liberal school; you can wear what you want—I usually go around in T shirts when it's warm and sweaters the rest of the time—and there's more here in the way of entertainment than at most Ivy schools. Forty-second Street is only 15 minutes away. There's no pressure to win, and my scholarship doesn't depend on my performance each weekend. But the main thing is not the football or the fun or which school you go to or what you study or what you wear. The main thing is that Ivy League diploma. It's priceless."



BARNEY BERLINGER *Penn end (6 feet 3,— 207 pounds)*

Of the 12, the individual who comes closest to matching the popular conception of an Ivy League football player is Berlinger, big blond captain of the Penns. Son of a wealthy gear manufacturer who was a famous Penn athlete himself, Barney Jr. is a good pass receiver, a tremendous blocker and the spiritual leader of the best team Penn has had since de-emphasis set in. And he plays football because it is fun. Because of his father's wealth, Berlinger received no scholarship to come to Penn, yet he never seriously considered taking one any place else.

"In my senior year at high school," he

says, "I sat down with Dad and we had a long talk. He pointed out the advantages and disadvantages of Penn, and the advantages came out way ahead."

Barney dresses in solid good taste, makes more than adequate marks in his mechanical engineering course and has a job all lined up with his father's company when he graduates. Last summer the Berlingers went on safari to Africa, and Barney's teammates don't let him forget that. But he remains one of the most popular boys on the campus and is vice-president of the senior class. Berlinger is a real Ivy Leaguer. But so are all the rest,



THE AWESOME REBIRTH OF THE COLTS

The Baltimore Colts, defending world champions, finally came to life against San Francisco in a game they had to win. The result was a savage victory

by TEX MAULE



DRIVING THROUGH A TYPICAL WIDE HOLE

When ripped 'em apart," said Art Donovan, a very wide, strong man who plays defensive tackle for the Baltimore Colts. "Yessir," he said with a vast satisfaction, "that great offense. We ripped it apart."

Donovan was sitting, oadlike legs spread wide, savoring the savage 45-14 defeat the Colts had just inflicted on the San Francisco 49ers. As a member of the Baltimore defensive platoon, the victory was especially sweet to him. Most of the criticism of the somewhat languid play of the Colts this season has been aimed at the defenders, who have been variously described as too old, too fat and too lazy. They were none of these against the 49ers in the game which placed Baltimore in a first-place tie with the 49ers in the West and which, more importantly, showed that Baltimore still has the ability to be the best in football.

"We were cohesive for the first time this season," Coach Weeb Ewbank said. "I can't tell you what was wrong before. Little things you can't put your finger on. Maybe the boys were counting the money they made last year. Maybe they thought they always had time to win the next game. But they were cohesive today,

And hungry. That's the difference."

Whether it was cohesion or hunger or a combination of the two which ignited the Colts, it resulted in an awesome explosion. The much-maligned Colt defense limited what had been regarded as a very strong 49er offense to three first downs. They did it with no special legerdemain but with pure brute strength which turned aside the 49er attack as easily as a man defending himself against a small child. Y. A. Tittle, the bald 49er quarterback, never had time to find his receivers, finally retired with an injured calf after a crushing three-man tackle.

Meanwhile, the Baltimore offense was superb. During the dog days, the Colts depended heavily on the passing of Johnny Unitas, their all-pro quarterback. Unitas threw as well as ever, but the Colt running attack was also a big factor, giving Baltimore control all afternoon.

Mike Sommer, a rusted halfback from the Washington Redskins, accounts in part for the rehire of the Baltimore ground game. When L. G. Dupre was injured several weeks ago, it meant that the Colts had no strong outside threat, since they were using Lenny Moore as a flanker. Sommer

took a while to grow accustomed to his new duties. He is, like Dupre, a quick, fairly fast runner who finds daylight well and strikes through it intelligently. Unitas used him perfectly to complement the tremendous straight-ahead power of Fullback Alan Ameche. When the 49er defense closed up the middle of the line against Ameche, Unitas sent him into the middle on a fake, then handed off to Sommer, who would slide outside the pinching tackles.

Raymond Berry and Moore broke free in the 49er secondary time and again against the man-on-man defense of Abe Woodson and Jerry Mertens. Each caught a touchdown pass, and, had not Unitas been content to stick with his effective running attack, might have caught more.

"We took what we could get from them," Unitas explained later. "We went with what was working." What he got was very likely the Western Division championship. The 49ers, tired and battered after successive losses to the Chicago Bears and the Colts, next face the Cleveland Browns, and without the services of Tittle, whose calf injury will sideline him. Then they return to San Francisco for a second game with the



SHEARED IN 49ER LINE BY PIERCE BLOCKING, COLT FULLBACK ALAN AMECHE GAINS AS QUARTERBACK JOHNNY UNITAS (19) WATCHES

Colts. The Colts have never had much luck in their invasions of the West Coast—they have lost seven straight in San Francisco's Kezar Stadium, six of seven against the Los Angeles Rams—but this sleepy giant appears wide-awake now. And wide-awake this is the best team in football.

The team the Colts beat for the championship last year provided itself with a much-needed cushion against the drive of the Cleveland Browns. The New York Giants, with old pro Charlie Conerly back at quarterback, beat the Chicago Cardinals 30-20, getting their first touchdown in three games in the process. The Browns lost a squeaker to Pittsburgh's perennially late-flying Steelers 21-20. They dropped into a tie with the exuberant Philadelphia Eagles, who beat Los Angeles 23-20 with a 14-yard field goal. The Browns catch the crippled 49ers Sunday while the Giants are playing the Washington Redskins, so that the two teams should reach their December 6 meeting in Yankee Stadium still a game apart, with the conference title in the balance. A Cleveland victory could mean a tie in the East involving the Browns, Giants and Eagles, with the

Browns favored on over-all balance.

While the Colts and the 49ers are tied for first in the West, the Chicago Bears are lying just off the pace, a fair long-shot bet to win or tie for the conference title. Their remaining schedule—the Cardinals, the Steelers and the Detroit Lions, in that order—is probably an easier one than either Baltimore or San Francisco faces. The Colts meet the Rams, the 49ers and the Rams, and the 49ers have the hardest row of all to hoe. They play the Browns, Colts and Packers. San Franciscans, just recovering from the frustration of watching the baseball Giants die in the stretch, may easily find their sorrow renewed by the 49ers.

As often happens in this league of evenly matched teams, the conference winners will probably be decided in the trainers' rooms. A healthy Conerly could win for the Giants, but if his sprained ankle is hurt again, the club is through. The loss of Tittle for even one game may spell the end of the 49er hopes. The Colts and the Browns are healthy. Baltimore must overcome the West Coast jinx, and the Browns a more specialized jinx—the Giants, who have beaten them four straight times.

END

X-RAY OF LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts	Yds Rush	Yds Pass	Pass Comp
Packers vs Redskins	21 0	186 200	150 38	12-23 7-24
Eagles vs Rams	23 20	112 177	278 93	19-38 12-30
Steelers vs. Browns	21 20	182 126	156 261	13-31 17-29
Bears vs. Lions	24 14	116 143	14 196	6-18 11-35
Giants vs. Cardinals	30 20	118 95	268 0	12-23 6-12
Colts vs. 49ers	45 14	271 35	168 58	12-23 11-17

LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct
New York	7	2	0	.778
Philadelphia	5	3	0	.667
Cleveland	6	3	0	.667
Pittsburgh	4	4	1	.500
Washington	3	6	0	.333
Chicago Cardinals	2	7	0	.222

WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct
Baltimore	6	3	0	.667
San Francisco	6	3	0	.667
Chicago Bears	5	4	0	.556
Green Bay	4	5	0	.444
Detroit	2	6	1	.250
Los Angeles	2	7	0	.222

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



A LAST FINE CATCH

NOVEMBER days on the eastern slopes of the Cascades have been frosty at the edges but bland in the middle, drawing steelhead fishermen to such sun-warmed stretches as this one on Oregon's Rogue River for a last expedition before the 1959 season ends Nov. 30. Here a fine "last

one," exploding in sunlit beads of flying water, takes the hook of Don McNeill of Medford, Ore., who had boated 30 miles through Rogue River rapids to reach this isolated pool. Happily for McNeill and others, though the weather won't be as bland, the 1960 steelhead season opens Jan. 15.

Photograph by Jack Fields





THE WINNER BEGINS A RETRIEVE FOR HANDLER JOE SCHÖNER



IN CRISP NEVADA SUNSHINE, A TENSE GALLERY OF SPECTATORS

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

ANOTHER LAB LEADS THE FIELD

THINKING is a continent of difference between the bay-swept marshes of Delaware and the dust-swept deserts of Nevada, but a 6-year-old black Labrador named Spirit Lake Duke proved to a gallery of more than 400 at the 1959 national field trial stakes outside Reno this week that, to a champion, geography doesn't matter.

Duke, who two years ago won the 1957 Retriever Championship in Dover, Del., stormed through a field of 44 of the nation's top contenders for the biggest of all retriever prizes to recapture the national championship. In so doing, he became only the third dog in the 19-year history of the trials to win the trophy more than once, thus joining Shed of Arden and King

Buck in the most select triumvirate in retrieverdom.

For Duke, owned by Mrs. George Murnane of Syosset, N.Y., the path to victory was as difficult a challenge as the rugged thornbush country of this year's trial grounds. During the four-day running of the national stakes he faced some of the most formidable competition in his four-and-a-half-year career. The dogs he beat—36 Labradors, five golden and two Chesapeake—were rated the best in the country. Among them was last year's national champion, Nilo's Possibility. Each dog had won a minimum of seven championship points, including at least one first place, in major trials this year to qualify for

the nationals. At the trial each had to run a series of 10 tests on both land and water to be considered for the prize. These tests under normal trial conditions are exacting. In the rugged Nevada terrain they were doubly so, for burrs and thorns cut into the dogs' feet and the latter scent of sage vied sharply with the scent of birds.

If the cover was only adequate, the cool, clear Reno weather more than compensated for it. Unhindered by the traditional rain-soaked cold of many retriever trials, the dogs ran with brisk vigor, and the gallery watched in comfort. There is a mood which prevails at retriever stakes, and particularly at the nationals, that is unique. It is a kind of quiet



WAITS IN STILL ATTENTION FOR RUNNING OF THE FINAL SERIES IN 16TH NATIONAL RETRIEVER FIELD TRIAL CHAMPIONSHIPS AT RENO

Photographs by Harry Kell

excitement, tense and expectant but perfectly controlled and rarely vocal. This atmosphere absorbs even the stranger to retriever circles. Normally exuberant Reno residents, playing host to the nationals for the first time, were quick to sense the silent concentration of the gallery and, like old followers of the sport, softly applauded spectacular retrievers which might otherwise have brought rousing cheers.

The fact that the 1939 nationals were run in Nevada is an indication of the growing popularity of field trials across the country. Where two decades ago there were few retrievers actively hunted afield and even fewer trials to test their ability, this year there were 144 licensed trials run in the U.S. "They never had retriever trials on the West Coast before the war," Billy Wunderlick, a top professional trainer and handler recalls, "and places like Montana never heard

of a retriever. The retriever was really developed in the Midwest, which was a big duck hunting spot. But now even the flyways have changed; there's better duck hunting out here than back East and in the Midwest."

This is only part of the story. Shorter seasons and reduced game limits have also drawn more and more dog owners to field trial activities, where they have an opportunity to work and develop their dogs under conditions comparable to those experienced when actually hunting.

The Midwest and the East are still retriever strongholds, but half a dozen western states, like Nevada, have indicated by their interest and enthusiasm in recent trials that the situation may soon change. This increased interest in field trials on a national scale has of course increased competition and, with it, the quality of field trial retrievers. The country's leading retriever fanciers such as John

Olin, Bing Grunwald, Mrs. Murnane and Lewis Greenleaf Jr. devote much of their time to improving breeding stock and to producing a better all-round field dog.

Today more than ever, a retriever who qualifies for the nationals has proved himself a champion whether or not he eventually wins the trophy. Some 5,000 retrievers competed in licensed field trials in 1939 to produce the 44 entries in this year's nationals. The dogs represented an aggregate of more than a million dollars and some 200 dog-years of training to prepare them for this year's contest. "The dog who won," said Judge Forest F. Flashman of Seattle, commenting on Spirit Lake Duke after the trial, "really won it. Nobody gave him anything. He completed all the tests, difficult tests, extremely well." In the opinion of the hushed, knowledgeable gallery, the judge had well described a worthy champion.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Ultimate Absurdity

BOXING has had a black-and-blue time of it in the 1950s, but the ultimate absurdity was reached last week when New York's attorney general had to send the state troopers out to bring in Cus D'Amato for answers to questions the attorney general had every right to ask; questions about Cus's custodianship of Floyd Patterson as heavyweight champion of the world; questions that Cus insists he has clear and shining answers to. It was beneath the D'Amato dignity or something to respond to an invitation to come in and talk to the attorney general; so a subpoena was issued, and still no D'Amato; and thus the police were called out, and D'Amato surrendered.

Anticlimactically, the New York State Athletic Commission three days later revoked D'Amato's license as a manager. At the same time it suspended for three years the matchmaker's license of Bill Rosensohn, who was in charge of the last heavyweight championship fight.

In 1960 boxing has no place to go but up.

Hunters Can't Forget

ISOLATED by deep marsh and ice-covered channels in Lake St. Clair, though hardly out of sight of Detroit's skyscrapers, is the island of

Ste. Anne's. Refuge for sporting industrialists and a duck hunter's paradise, it became in one short minute last week the scene of tragedy.

Sitting on ammunition boxes behind a three-foot-high improvised shore blind were two duck hunters the nation knew: Harlow H. Curtice, 66, onetime president of General Motors, and Harry W. Anderson, 67, former G.M. vice-president and Curtice's longtime hunting companion.

It was a good day by the perverse weather standards of duck hunters. A 13-mile-an-hour wind gave bite to the 17° cold, keeping the ducks moving beneath the overcast sky. The hunters had killed six mallards by 11:15 that morning when another flock swung upwind across the decoys from the left. Curtice, sitting on the right, sighted on the lead duck, which was properly his target. Anderson, presumably, would remain sitting like Curtice, and fire at the rear of the flock. Instead, Anderson inexplicably stood and came into Curtice's line of fire. His death focused attention on some things that all hunters know or are supposed to know.

The close quarters of duck blinds make accidents like this one rare. Duck hunting accounts for only 5½% of shooting accidents and is relatively hazard-free. Perhaps the secretary of the National Rifle Association, Frank Daniel, said it best: "What

happened is the same thing that happens when a man who knows better walks out in front of a truck. He just forgot."

Half-ripe Amateur

MORE AND MORE it becomes apparent that amateur tennis is nice for weekends at the country club but not much good for tennis players. Tennis fans the world over long ago became inured to seeing the cream of the amateur crop turn pro, but until recently the unpaid champs have held back long enough to establish their reputation firmly in the amateur lists. Now, as Mal Anderson and Ashley Cooper proved last year, they're turning pro before they've even matured as amateurs.

The latest to be plucked half-ripe from the amateur vine by professional harvester Jake Kramer, according to reliable reports, is Alex Olmedo, the most exciting and the most erratic young player on the amateur courts. With a Kramer contract for \$35,000 awaiting his signature, Alex, winner and loser of a Davis Cup, good enough for Wimbledon but not for Forest Hills, has only to make a squiggle of his pen to join the ranks of the frankly compensated. But that gesture alone will not make Alex a pro in the sense that Early Wynn, Kyle Rote and Pancho Gonzales are pros. Professionalism in athletics, in the best and proper sense of the word, implies a lot more than just being paid, and in exchanging a promising amateur for an inexperienced pro world tennis has gained little but another argument for the open game.

Renaissance in Dominoes

FROM a 19th-floor office in San Francisco's Pacific Telephone and Telegraph building last Thursday a secretary called an insurance company vice-president, a bank officer, a

They Said It

SUNNY JIM FITZSIMMONS, 85-year-old horse trainer, on cancellation of the racing card at Aqueduct because of cold weather: "Nothing bothered the pioneers, but this isn't their day."

WELDON HEALD, snow forecaster of Tucson, Ariz., predicting the lightest snowfall in years in the Sierras: "I wouldn't dare associate with ardent ski fans at present. Lynching would be too good for me."

YVON DURELLS, light heavyweight, announcing his retirement at 30: "I got only two arms, two legs and a little wee brain, and I'm going to save it."

steel-tubing manufacturer and a retired Pacific T&T executive. "Your regular domino game will be at the Transportation Club tomorrow at noon," she reminded each man crisply. Not long ago in a San Francisco bank a secretary called the Pacific Union Club to notify her boss of a pending board meeting.

"Stall them, somehow," said the banker. "I'm playing dominoes and I'm \$20 in the hole."

At a San Francisco golf club the membership committee took stock of a candidate and was less impressed with his low golf handicap than his high domino ranking.

In such a setting, it was not surprising that a bestseller in San Francisco's bookstores last week was a slim volume whose matter-of-fact title was *Dominoes*. On the shelves less than four weeks, 3,000 copies of the book had already been sold (at \$4.50), and, said the gratified publisher, David McKay, orders were coming in for more. "It's really fantastic," reported a normally composed observer of the San Francisco scene. "People out here have become domino demented. It's a madness, a passion. They're so carried away, they're seeing spots before their eyes."

Even more carried away than most (though still clear of eye) is *Dominoes'* author, whose first name, appropriately, is Dominic, and whose last name is Armanino. Dominic Ar-



manino, a San Francisco banker (assistant vice-president of the American Trust Company), was born in Genoa 60 years ago last Saturday, came to California when he was 2 and took up dominoes when he was 50. The domino interest was the result of hypertension, for which his doctor prescribed mental relaxation. "I got into my first game with migraines," says Dominic, "because I thought it was a lads' game. Five minutes later, though, I had learned the rudiments and I haven't been the same man since."

But while Dominic found dominoes first-class mental therapy, his hypertension was little soothed by

continued



MAX BAER PLAYED HIS BIGGEST ROLE WHEN HE KNOCKED OUT CARNERA IN 1934

NO TOY BALLOONS FOR MAXIE

THIS IS A GAG," said the visitor who had been down at Ashbury Park, N.J., watching Max Baer train for his fight with Primo Carnera. "Nothing about it is real. The ocean, the hotel, the blue sky, they're painted scenery for a musical comedy in which an actor plays the part of a contender for the heavyweight championship. I expect to see the chorus come dancing on the stage at any minute."

In that early, noisy time, the chorus was always in the wings of Max's life, which he fashioned into one grand music-hall turn. Never at a loss for a few thousand well-chosen Broadway-type words, Max strutted, nugged, cracked wise whether wrapped in white camel's hair at the wheel of his 16-cylinder Caddy or rapping, with his splendid right hand, papier-mâché pillars in a gin mill or opponents in the ring.

Max was built like a fighter but he wasn't built for fighting. Fighting is a somber, arduous trade and Max wasn't cut out for work. "I hope he's more appreciative of the title than I was," Max said when

Jim Braddock beat him. If it wasn't good for a laugh, it wasn't good for Max. "Listen," he said after he was knocked out by Joe Louis, "I couldn't see straight. I thought all Harlem was in there. I saw a whole ringful of black clouds and that little ray of sunshine just couldn't penetrate them all."

He was champion for a year after knocking out Carnera in 1934. "I want to end up with a little trust fund," he said then. "I don't want to end up with the toy balloon concession in some insane asylum or other." He didn't. When Max Baer died of a heart attack in Hollywood last week at 50, he had a monthly annuity of \$2,200, a wife, three children and a happy home.

The audience Max always played for last saw him three days before he died. He was refereeing the televised Zora Folley-Alonso Johnson fight in Phoenix. Just as the show went off the air, Max vaulted his big frame over the ring ropes and hlew a kus and sent a laugh to all the living rooms and bars. It was a perfect exit.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

the chaotic circumstances then surrounding the game. "The Chinese invented dominoes in the 12th century," says Armanino, "and by the time it got to California, the rules were anybody's guess. You couldn't find agreement anywhere. I read one pamphlet and ended up worse off than when I started. I know of three oldtime cronies who dissolved their regular luncheon game when they came to an impasse on a rule. Friendships were strained."

In the name of his blood pressure and other men's friendships, Banker Armanino decided to write his own book on the subject, and five years ago sat down to do it. With few precedents to guide him, all other domino books are out of print and not much help anyway, says Dominio, he engaged a mathematician to figure play possibilities and codified a set of rules with the help of leading experts, nearly all of whom are, naturally enough, San Franciscans. The result, concerned for the most part with the so-called San Francisco game, a sophisticated elaboration of the primitive games of childhood, is a handy compendium of fundamentals, diagrams, strategies, official rules, odds (there are 98,280 possible hands) and a glossary (a dancing girl is any domino with a five). Finally, to give his book the stamp of authority, Author Armanino has renamed the San Francisco game the Five-Up game, and has had it trademarked.

For the Man Who, etc.

IT WAS JUST 100 million years ago that some dinosaur or other was idly paddling around in the Mesozoic ooze of South Hadley, Mass., leaving his three-toed footprints all over the place. And believe it when we say that was a lucky day for the perplexed Christmas shopper of 1959. Because, for as little as \$12, he can have one of these footprints, all petrified and scrubbed clean, sent directly to his home. One need only imagine the good cheer and dancing about when it is spotted under the tree.

The purveyor of this not-altogether pedestrian gift is Carlton S. Nash of South Hadley, who has been selling dinosaur tracks some 20 years now. Mr. Nash gets them from his back-

yard and can thank his stars there weren't any no-trespassing signs warning dinosaurs off his property the old days. So far he and his family have sold about 3,000 spoor slabs carved from the stratified quarry (they have been used in front walks, patios, fireplaces and the like), and he is now at work on the 38th layer of prints. "But the supply may soon be exhausted," warns Tracker Nash. And anybody whose shopping list is still so many question marks had better get busy.

There will be some, of course, who *still* cannot see the Christmas possibilities of dinosaur tracks. For them we can only direct attention, albeit reluctantly, to a more contemporary selection of gifts beginning on page 44 of this issue.

Man from Delmonico

VERN CARROLL is a spare man with a plentiful beard, an erect back and a philosophical bent who walks from Duhquae, Iowa to Fairbanks, Alaska this summer for "the great pleasure of it." It took Carroll, who is 49, five months to cover the 4,100 miles, but he believes in a moderate rate and in whiling time with folk along the way. "I didn't meet a man I didn't like or a bad child and I didn't have a blister or a corn," says Carroll. "No aches, no pains, no aspirin: my only problem was dogs."

Carroll trained for six weeks be-

fore setting out. He lost 22 pounds bicycle riding, swimming, weight lifting, boxing, wrestling and rolling himself with a rolling pin. "The best thing in the world," says Carroll, "is to roll your back with a rolling pin. Or have your wife roll it for you."

Carroll had \$60 when he left Dubuque, pulling a golf cart loaded with 125 pounds of belongings. He had \$24 when he reached Fairbanks, wearing a park. He abandoned the golf cart in Saskatoon after he harned out the bearings and two sets of tires. Carroll doesn't play golf. "Too much walking," he says. It cost him 50¢ each way to cross Wisconsin, \$1.89 to cross Minnesota and \$1.85 to get through North Dakota. There is something about Carroll's mild, bearded aspect, his sincerity and corn-pone jokes which makes folk show him with free lodgings and meals. "I'm not trying to make a million dollars but a million friends," he says. "Wall Rogers said that."

Even in New York, which he visited the other day and whose buildings reminded him of "the beautiful mountains of Canada, only they have windows in them," a cab driver refused his fare and gave him a pack of cigarettes. Along the Alean Highway where there were no folk, he lived off the land, subsisting mainly on berries, porcupine hindquarters, pheasant, wild lettuce, rhubarb, Indian potatoes, bread he baked in a coffee can, grayling, trout and "a nice big northern pike who was more'n I could eat but I wasn't about to throw him back and try to catch a little one."

Carroll says the first thing people ask him about his trip is how many pairs of hoots he wore out. None, says Carroll, and only two pairs of heels. "My hoots," he explains, "are soled and heeled with tire rubber." The next thing people ask him is whether he saw any bears. Carroll saw heaps of bears, including one he met in a raspberry patch. "He wig-gled his ears at me," says Carroll. "I said to him, 'Old boy, if you want that patch of berries you can have it.'" Carroll was also bedogged, but unmolested, by howling wolves while camping on a sand bar in the Yukon. Carroll says the best way to camp is to dig a trench in the sand, build a fire in it, wait until the fire dies down



Good Mood

He's pleasant indeed
And his smile
Is a stunner.
It's hard to believe
He's a cross
Country runner.

Barbara A. Russell, M.D.

into coals, cover the coals with three inches of sand and then lie in the trench. "Learned that from the Indians," he says. "Nature's electric blanket."

Carroll, who managed a movie theater in Dubuque, says he's going to return with his wife to Alaska, not on foot, to settle. Once, he says, he was signing autographs up there with Governor Bill Egan and doing a better business than the head man. "Vern," said Egan, "you know, you ought to run for governor." "I'd rather walk," said Vern. Carroll doesn't have to run or walk. "They've given me a lot to build my house on in Anchorage," he says, without wonder, "a year's supply of groceries and an acre to build the first Boys' Club of America in Alaska."

One of the purposes of Carroll's trip was to talk up the Boys' Club of America, which he is as strong on as walking. "I've always wanted to do something for someone," says Carroll. "What was I put here for? What good am I? I used to ask myself that."



By Act of Congress?

LIKE A DINER with a whole Thanksgiving turkey all his own, college football has been battenning for years, and by seemingly inalienable right, on the prime use of America's fall Saturday afternoons. This year professional football, that of interloper, has been edging toward Saturday with a hungry gleam.

The first rustle of competition came a couple of weeks ago with word that the proposed American Football League might play some games on Saturday afternoons and, worse yet, televise them. The National Collegiate Athletic Association turned promptly to Tennessee's sports-watching Senator, Estes Kefauver.

Head of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, and a Senator who knows a monopoly when one is pleading before him, Kefauver listened sympathetically to the NCAA man. A bill will be introduced, he promised, to keep the professionals from telecasting on Saturdays within 75 miles of any locale where a college game is being played (unless the colleges concerned give permission and get a cut of the TV bundle).

This seemed fine to the NCAA, which has its own high-Trendex TV shows each Saturday. The founders of the American Football League spoke up to say that they had never had any real idea of playing on Saturday afternoons anyway. So there the matter seems to stand, at least until Senator Kefauver sends along his legislation giving college football its old inalienable right to Saturday afternoons by Act of Congress.

When the Senator does get around to it, we trust that some of the implications of the idea will get a good old Capitol Hill airing—and we're for college football as much as the Senator is. Tariff protection is a familiar idea, and farmer protection is a familiar idea. It may be that the time has come for the welfare state to wrap its arms around college football, too, and declare it Congress' chosen instrument for the American people on Saturdays. Maybe college football can testify to its social and moral right to be relieved of onerous competition. But we'd like to hear

the arguments and the testimony at a bit of length.

All-purpose Song

THEY HAVE a song down in Chapel Hill that is always pretty much on everybody's mind as the University of North Carolina prepares to meet its old rival, Duke University, each Thanksgiving week. At least it was on the mind of a Chapel Hill clergyman's 5-year-old daughter last week as she and some friends prepared to bury her dead chicken.

Done to death on a highway, the poultry pet was laid to rest, with ecclesiastical overtones, in a casket made of an old shoe box and with a prayerbook selection read by the only mourner who knew how to read. When it came time for the recessional hymn, however, the congregation was stumped. But only momentarily.

Suddenly, as if with one voice, they burst out with the only song everybody present knew: *Don't Give a Damn for Duke University.* **END**

"Tut, tut! Not on Saturday."

POOR SHOW IN MOSCOW

SUPPOSE, just suppose, that a team of Soviet ice hockey players billed as the Amateur Champions of the U.S.S.R. came to New York for a series of matches with our top amateur teams. Suppose the Russian team revealed itself in its first game to be totally inept, finally taking trouncings by scores astronomical in hockey. Now suppose that off the ice the Soviet players lounged around the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria making whistles and wolf calls at pretty American girls and even pinched an occasional bottom. What would the public reaction be?

This is definitely not a rigged quiz, but don't attempt to answer until you have read this report from Edmund Stevens, our Moscow correspondent:

The Brockton Club hockey team arrived in Moscow for a series of matches with the top Soviet players. Advance publicity had built them up as a formidable outfit, the Amateur Champions of America. It took only 10 minutes of play in the first game, against the Soviet army team, to show that they and their opponents just weren't in the same league.

At the very start the Americans landed two pucks in the army team's cage. It was strictly beginners' luck. Thereafter the Soviets took over control, and the Brocktonites never had a chance. The final score was 12-3.

Two days later Keylia Sovietov (Soviet Wings), a club organized under trade-union auspices and rated a couple of notches below the army

team, gave Brockton an even worse trouncing: score 17-1. Spectators began to mutter: "Is this really the best the Americans have to offer?" . . . "They should have stayed home and played croquet." . . . "This isn't hockey, it's slaughter on ice." Whereas at the first matches the sports palace was filled to its 12,000 capacity, at the third match the bleachers were less than three-fourths full.

For a while in their third match, against a Soviet all-star team, the Americans managed to put up a more vigorous defense and drew cheers from the crowd. Their effort was so obvious that one spectator smilingly remarked: "Maybe they're playing that way because they're afraid the U.S. won't let them back in." But the final score was a funeral 17-0.

An extremely sad sack was Coach Louis Duhamel of the Brockton team. Away from the rink he had his hands more than full trying to keep some of the boys in his big 17-man squad in line. He said, ruefully, that you never really got to know your players until you went on a long trip like this one with them, when you discovered that some of them were "on the bum." It wasn't simply that the offenders refused to keep any kind of training but that they stayed up all night smoking, drinking and overeating (Duhamel held "the trots" responsible for helping to pile up the adverse scores), so that when they showed for practice all they could do was yawn. Too many acted around the Hotel Metropole like delegates to a

barflies' convention and, as though seeking to recoup defeat on the rink with exploits of another kind, lounged in the lobby, wolf-calling the ladies and making passes at the female guests and help in the elevators and hallways. Soon the complaints were pouring in from those who had had their bottoms pinched or skirts raised, and after a mortifying session with the hotel manager, Coach Duhamel warned the offenders that unless they behaved themselves he would ship them out to Copenhagen by first available plane. This dire threat seemed to have no particular effect.

Thus Correspondent Stevens. It perhaps only remains to note that the cultural traffic between the U.S. and Moscow, including the exchange of sports visits, is now beginning to resemble a tourist rush in which it seems as though anybody who can hold a hockey stick or play the harmonica can find himself representing the United States of America. Brockton's billing as the "Amateur Champions" of the U.S. was based on the fact that it won the Amateur Hockey Association's national senior championship in Green Bay, Wis. last March. Sending a representative all-star team was out of the question because this month America's best hockey amateurs (including one Brockton player who stayed home on that account) are trying out for the Squaw Valley Olympic team.

The latest cultural travelers to Moscow should have stuck to Massachusetts.

END

BRCKTON CLUB, ARRAYED HERE IN MOSCOW SPORTS PALACE BEFORE 17-1 LOSS, WAS SEVERE DISAPPOINTMENT TO MOSCOWITES





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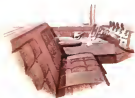
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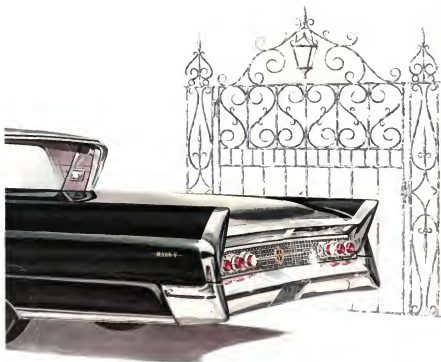
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Home-town Boy Makes Good

The annual Canada Cup matches were held in Melbourne and, to the delight of the 50,000 Australians who watched, popular Peter Thomson led his two-man team to an easy win

ON the outskirts of Melbourne, close along the eastern shore of Port Phillip Bay, lies a stretch of land the Australians call "the sand belt." For quite a few decades now, foreign golfers visiting this faraway continent have left with the impression that the sand belt may well be the finest sweep of natural golf country in the world, superior even to the famous reach of linksland east of Edinburgh. The unique quality of the belt is that the sand and black soil fuse in an unusual mixture that is perfect for growing good golf grass, particularly couch grass, a member of the Bermuda family that was meant to be used for fairways.

The sand belt is loaded with first-class golf courses, nearly two dozen of them. One of the best is Royal Melbourne, and it was there last week

that the seventh Canada Cup match was held and won most fittingly, and by the wide margin of 10 shots, by the Australian team of Peter Thomson and Kel Nagle. Until late in the fourth and final round, when the strain he was under began to tell on his putting, it looked as if Thomson would also carry off individual honors for the tournament. He ultimately finished deadlocked at 275 with Stan Leonard of Canada and lost the playoff on the first extra hole when he pulled his approach to the left of the green and failed to match Leonard's par 4. It is a rather bizarre coincidence that back in 1954, when Thomson and Nagle captured the second Canada Cup match at Laval-Sur-le-Lac in Montreal, Leonard won the individual trophy.

Far and away the most important

part of these international meetings, however, is the team match. It is not too complicated an affair, really, but it always seems a good idea to spell out how it works, since it produces a breed of figures that are somewhat off the regular golf beat and can make the scoring sound much more mysterious than it actually is. In brief, each competing country—there were 30 this year including Indonesia, a new entry—is represented by two professionals, and the country's final score is the sum of the two players' individual scores for the four days of play. For illustrations, in this year's competition Australia's winning total of 563 was compounded from Thomson's 67-69-68-71—275 and Nagle's 70-70-76-72—288.

It is a format that can be exciting, for should both players suddenly go sour the team can lose an awful lot of strokes in a hurry. On the second day at Royal Melbourne, to cite a not untypical example, the Welsh team of Dai Rees and David Thomas,

continued

CURLY-HAIRED PETER THOMSON HOLDS CLUB HIGH IN TRIUMPH AS HE AND PARTNER KEL NAGLE WALK ALONG MELBOURNE FAIRWAY



well up in the running, was in excellent order after 13 holes. Ross was 1 under par and Thomas 2 under. On the 14th, a 452-yard par 4 combining a blind drive, a sharp break to the right and a green tucked behind long traps, Ross took a six and Thomas seven, and where the Welsh pair had seen 3 under, they were abruptly 2 over. "Chyngened the whole ship of their dye's work," one Australian spectator commented.

However, in this particular edition of the Canada Cup, there was not really one moment when it looked as if anyone but Australia would win. On the first day, with Nagle equalling par with a 70 and Thomson around in 67, their 137 gave them a seven-shot lead over Canada (Leonard and Al Balding). South Africa (Gary Player and Harold Henning) and Wales, and an eight-shot lead over the American team of Sam Snead and Cary Middlecoff. On the second round, when Nagle added another 70 and Thomson a 69, Australia held its margin over Canada, despite Leonard's brilliant 66, and picked up one more shot on the United States. On that fine Australian spring day Snead was in great form. Hitting the small, resilient British ball a mile and putting as he rarely has, even in his television conquests—he one-putted 10 of the last 12 greens and holed four very long ones—Sam brought in a 65, his lowest round in an important competition in years.

This might have made a dent in the Australians' lead if Middlecoff had managed a fairly good round, but Cary, still struggling with his game as he had in the Ryder Cup matches, threw away a fine start by taking 42 shots on the back side for a 75. It takes some believing, but an 18-footer, which he dropped for his par on the 12th, was all that saved Cary from a run of six consecutive bogeys. Not that bogeys were especially hard to come by at Royal Melbourne. For the Canada Cup matches a composite course was used—12 holes from the club's east course and six from the west. The best way to introduce the quality and difficulty of the holes is to mention that they are the work of Alister Mackenzie, the extremely gifted Scottish golf architect,

who built them in the late 1920s shortly before he came to the U.S. to assist Bobby Jones in designing the Augusta National. The greens at Royal Melbourne are Augusta-sized and severely trapped, and the course puts a much sterner premium on accurate driving than Augusta does. Many of the holes are sharply dog-legged, and all of them are bordered with rough which is thick with tea trees, gums and firs, a nice sample of the flora of the bush country.

To return to the progress of the Canada Cup play, on the third day, when it was now or never for the contenders, Canada could make up no strokes on Australia and the U.S. lost four more to fall 13 off the pace. Barring a complete collapse by Nagle and Thomson, which the tightness of their play on the final day never suggested for a second, the only aspect of the team match that remained to be determined was who would finish second. The U.S. finally did, a birdie by Middlecoff on the 17th and one by Snead on the 18th enabling both of them to bring it around in 70 and to edge Canada's total by a shot.

The solid Australian victory, witnessed by some 50,000 proud supporters over the four days, lends itself to several species of analysis. It could be argued, for instance, that it was Kel Nagle (backing Thomson) who made the difference by outplaying the other "second men"

teamed with the four outstanding golfers in the field—Balding (backing Leonard), Middlecoff (backing Snead) and Henning (backing Player).

Nagle is the current Australian Open and PGA champion and has a notable record over the years, but for all that his method of play is unimpressive, and a visiting fireman gets the idea that the string that holds his swing together might snap at any moment. He addresses the ball off the toe of the club, and then, as he reaches out and places it behind the ball, darts quickly into his stroke. He pushed and hooked a number of tee shots and was thin with quite a few of his approaches, but whenever it looked like he was headed for real trouble, he invariably settled down and played steadily and well. Nagle has a beautiful, smooth putting stroke, and his work on the greens is the true glue of his game.

But the bulk of the credit for the Australian triumph should go, to be sure, to Peter Thomson who set it up with his three sub-par rounds. A compact and polished stylist who probably is the best hitter of the small ball in the world today, Thomson has been a national hero since 1954, when he won the first of his four British Opens. In Australia when anyone says "Peter," you can be reasonably sure he is referring to Thomson.

For all of the merit of Stan Leonard's victory in the individual championship—the Canadian war-horse has become a beautiful player—it was a pity in a way that Peter could not have made a clean sweep of the honors. It was his week. From a sports point of view, Australia is like one large home town, and each day of the Canada Cup nearly every eye was on Peter, hoping that he would rise to the considerable occasion when Australia was acting as host for the first time to a major international golf tournament. At the presentation ceremonies when he was congratulating Stan Leonard, Prime Minister Menzies added a very happy note the crowd loved when he turned to Thomson with a wide smile and told him, "I would say to you, Peter, what I have often said to my political opponents after an election: 'You shouldn't feel badly about this, for you were beaten by a very good man.'"

END

INDIVIDUAL VICTOR Stan Leonard of Canada had been in the 17th hole after flashing early, came out cheerfully to beat Thomson in one-hole playoff.





SURPRISE LEADING SCORER OF LEAGUE, BRONCO HORVATH OF BRUINS (SECOND FROM LEFT), DEFTLY GUIDES PUCK PAST CAGE

The beginning of the end

Those ever-powerful Montreal Canadiens start a seven-game spin through the National Hockey League which, if successful, could end the season just two short months after it began

SIX WEEKS ago an old man who, the records say, is 38 skated onto the ice at Montreal's Forum. He was dressed in the red, royal blue and white uniform of the Montreal Canadiens, who were playing the Boston Bruins in the opening game of the National Hockey League season for both teams. He was the oldest man on his team, the oldest man on the ice, the oldest man in his league and, so far as hockey fans are concerned, the oldest man anywhere.

At 14:16 of the first period, with the game scoreless, he took a pass and—*zip!* Once again Joseph Henri Maurice (The Rocket) Richard had scored a goal. At that moment, for the romantics, at least, the new season began.

This Thursday, November 26, the same Maurice Richard, his 23-year-

old brother Henri and a cast of 14 other Canadiens, including that crutcher in concealment, Goalie Jacques Plante of the face mask, begin an 11-day seven-game prowl of the league which could very well sweep them away from their five NHL opponents.

The Canadiens will play Boston, Toronto, Chicago and New York once each and the ambitious second-place Detroit Red Wings three times. Should these teams in these games be unable to stay the Canadiens, then the remainder of this 1959-60 hockey season will be nothing but monotonously familiar.

The Canadiens, who last year won an unprecedented fourth consecutive Stanley Cup, scooted through 15 games without defeat and increased their league lead to six points before they went a-prowling. They even

seemed a trifle sharper than they were last year when they made such easy work of the 70-game schedule by winning 39, tying 13 and losing only 18. This year they lost but two of their first 20, and their output of 72 goals was scattered among 16 different skaters, which should give you a fair idea of their almost bottomless depth. Goalie Jacques Plante surrendered an average of only 1.85 goals per game while his playmates were scoring 3.60.

The principal burden of stopping the Canadiens in these 11 days rests squarely on Detroit, for two of their three games against the Canadiens will be played on the Red Wings' home ice, Olympia Stadium. For most teams, playing at home is a decided advantage, but the Canadiens have not been beaten in Detroit in their last nine outings. The Wings, however, are just hitting their best stride, and they are hardly the same team which finished last a season ago. Their goalie, Terry Sawchuk, has recorded three shutouts, and in the last

continued

of these, against the New York Rangers, he whisked aside 50 shots. Good old Gordie Howe, now musing through his 14th NHL season, punched home 12 goals and assisted on 12 others in the first month and a half of play; Alex Delvecchio and Norm Ullman have also played superbly (seven and six goals apiece), and Defensemen Red Kelly and Marcel Pronovost are giving Sawchuk plenty of assistance in front of the Detroit net.

The surprise team last season, the Toronto Maple Leafs, are still taking themselves quite seriously this year. Coach Punch Imlach set a schedule for them at the beginning of the sea-

son games), even though Bucyk was lost to them for two weeks when old man Richard checked him into the Boston boards and dislocated his right shoulder. Bronco Horvath startled everyone by becoming the league's leading goal-getter. Bronco is a very slow and awkward skater and not too rugged a checker. But he's scoring. My, how he's scoring. He had 17 goals in his first 20 games, and if he were a baseball player they'd be saying he was 20 games ahead of Babe Ruth's record. Bronco has analyzed his unexpected success.

"I believe," he said the other day, "that if a fellow keeps his shots close to the ice he can beat any goalie in the league. I keep shooting low because I figure that most goalies are

Boston slaphappy, to say the least.

The fifth- and sixth-place teams in the league, the Rangers and the Chicago Black Hawks, just haven't been able to get themselves untraced. New York's management replaced Coach Phil Watson, who had aggravated a duodenal ulcer on the job, with Albie Pike, in hopes that the shakeup might get the club going. Pike's first move was to shuffle Andy Bathgate between wing and center, with the hope of getting a few more shots from Andy's stick. Bathgate, who had 40 goals last year, could get but three in his first 17 games. In two games under Pike, Andy poked in three goals, and if that continues, it could make a big difference to the Rangers' lethargic attack. What Pike



MONTREAL'S DEPTH IS PERSONIFIED BY FOURTH ("KIDIE") LINE OF RALPH BACKSTROM (22), BILL HICKE (21), AB McDONALD (33)

son which called for 20 points in the standings in their first 20 games. Well, of their first 19 they won nine (getting 18 points) and tied five others (adding 5 more points), and this put them well ahead of Imlach's timetable. The Leafs have three good scorers in George Armstrong, Bob Pulford and Bert Olmstead, and they have gotten exceptional mileage from Johnny Wilson (six goals and four assists), who is actually functioning primarily as a spare.

The strangest team in the league this year is the Boston Bruins. They have hounded up and down, getting as high as second in the standings but then losing four in a row and dipping to fourth. Their "Ukrainian line" of Vic Stastuk, Johnny Bucyk and Bronco Horvath was the highest-scoring line in the league (32 goals in 18

games), even though Bucyk was lost to them for two weeks when old man Richard checked him into the Boston boards and dislocated his right shoulder. Bronco Horvath startled everyone by becoming the league's leading goal-getter. Bronco is a very slow and awkward skater and not too rugged a checker. But he's scoring. My, how he's scoring. He had 17 goals in his first 20 games, and if he were a baseball player they'd be saying he was 20 games ahead of Babe Ruth's record. Bronco has analyzed his unexpected success.

"I said to myself before the season began," he continued, "that if I got 20 goals I would be happy and if I got 40 goals I'd be very happy." Well, he'll probably get 40 goals and that should make the good people of

still has to do, however, is improve the Rangers' backchecking, and particularly their defense in front of the cage.

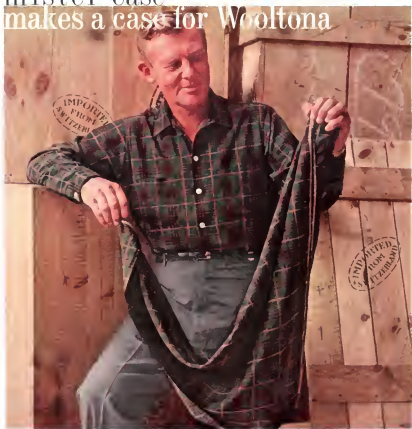
The Black Hawks won their opening game and then couldn't win another for five weeks. Recently, they showed a little spark, winning a couple and tying another. Eddie Litzenberger, who seemed to be skating on sand early this season, is getting more shots away now, and that could help the Hawks, who finished third last season.

In any case Montreal had better be at its best in these 11 days because the rest of the league is getting a bit tired of cutting figure eights while Richard and his companions score goals. Still, don't be surprised if the Canadiens skate serenely away from everyone once again.

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The Gift of Giving

by FRED R. SMITH

Photographs by Louise Dahl-Wolfe

THE supreme challenge of the Christmas season is to find the rare, the unexpected, the most appropriate gift. To help solve this problem, here is a collection of 100 ideas that should win warm welcome in a home where sport is loved. Some of them are one-of-a-kind—rare sporting books, an Audubon print, a collection of antique decoys. Others are not so rare, but they can be “just the thing,” and the prices range from \$5 to \$700.

All the items on these pages were selected and are offered for the companionship of their character. The gift of giving is to fit the person with the gift.

WHEEL-WHEEL BAR by Baker is of pecan wood, has Mieser top (\$389, Lord & Taylor). Champagne bucket is sterling trophy cup (\$760), and glasses are cut crystal (\$72 dozen, both Tiffany). Wild Turkey, Mole is Ben second edition Audubon print (\$185, Old Print Shop). Hand-woven wool rug has Chinese running horse motif (\$60, Morjikian).

INDIAN HORSES of brass are authentic “temple toys,” make fine bookends (each \$35, Plummer, Ltd.). Books are from 23-volume set of 19th-century *New Sporting Magazine*, leather-bound (\$485 the set, Ackerman Gallery). Sheaffer pen (\$15) has sterling stand (\$55, both Tiffany). Sportsman's statuette may be engraved to your order (Tiffany).

OAK-BARRIL BAR with brass binding opens on both sides (\$225, Dunhill, Ltd.). Auto horn is bulb-type antique (\$23, Bloomingdale's). Zebra rug is from Kenya (\$200, Macy's). Hand-carved woodcock is by J. Ahearn (\$65, Abercrombie & Fitch). Quail antlers are solid brass (\$165 pair, Crossroads of Sport). Terracotta quail are Italian-made for Montabeddi (\$15 each, W & J Sloane). Hunting horn is English antique (\$50, B. Altman). Old wassail bowl is carved of English lignum vitae (\$230, Bloomingdale's). Antique shop's water barrel is brass-bound (\$40, Brooks Bros.). Swords are French antiques (left \$7, right \$90, Bloomingdale's). Pig-skin pig is traditional English country footstool (\$115, B. Altman). Ship's light and binnacle lamp with compass are antique English (\$50 each, Brooks Bros.). Floor lamp is of old French gun (\$100, B. Altman). Ceramic huntsman by Marilyn Newmark (\$190, Crossroads of Sport). *My Hobbies*, and *Other Essays* by Nimrod is rare edition (\$20, Ackerman Gallery). *The Sport of Our Fathers* is by George Stubbs, Ben Marshall, Walter Sparrow (\$50, Ackerman Gallery).

CONTINUED



The Gift of Giving



SPORTING PRINTS, old and new, make Christmas gifts with a personal character. This selection shows (top to bottom): *Trotting Stallion*, an 1866 Currier & Ives lithograph (\$85, Old Print Shop); *Quercus*, a contemporary color woodcut by Paul Shaub (\$39, Weyhe Gallery); *Brook Trout Fishing*, *An Anxious Moment*, an 1862 Currier & Ives lithograph (\$450, Old Print Shop); *Pintails Feeding* and *Fighting Phalaropes* (each \$10), two Hans Kleiber etchings; *Close Quarters* (\$10), a Nat Lowell etching, and

In the Sugar Lot (\$18), a Churchill Ertzinger etching (all at Associated American Artists). Top right: *Shell Hunters* by Paul Shaub is a color woodcut (\$35, Weyhe Gallery). *Fishing for Paul* (\$20) and *Good Fishing* (\$35) are both Antonio Frasconi woodcuts (Weyhe Gallery). *Citrusus* is a lithograph by C. W. Anderson (\$10), *Harpies Gate - Great Slalom* (\$18) is a Churchill Ertzinger etching, and *The Three Graces* (\$10) is an etching by Luigi Lucioni (all Associated American Artists). Contemporary prints signed by artists.

CONTINUED

WEATHER WATCHERS come in various sizes and guises. Wilfred G. White wind instrument gives wind direction and speed on dial inside house (\$122.50, Hammacher Schlemmer). Barometer has horse on ceramic insert (\$85, Abernethie & Fitch). Salem barometer and ship's bell clock are brass (\$256.00, Crossroads of Sport), as is small Salem ship's clock. \$55 plus tax, Hammacher Schlemmer).

GAMING TABLE is of teak. Flip top is teak on one side, green felt on other (\$125). Chairs match (\$49, W & J Sloane). Chaise has hand-painted Kentucky Brood Champions design (\$1 yard, Greiff). *Sailing Ship Model*, by R. Morton Nance is one of a limited edition of 100, leather-covered \$40, Ackerman Gallery). Chessmen are French olive and rosewood (\$25), board is inlaid (\$11, both Macy's). Red leather cartridge cases are for playing cards (\$47.50) and cigarettes (\$25, Bloomingdale's). Rug is leopard-skin (\$249, Macy's). On table top: Giant cards are Vietnamese (\$5, B. Altman). Glass has handpainted game birds (\$42 dozen, Mark, Fore & Strike, Florham Park, N.J.). Golf club storer is sterling (\$14.50, Tiffany). Water goblet comes with yacht club flag and private barge (to order, Tiffany). Green onyx ashtray has jumping-hunter model \$45, Abernethie & Fitch. Cigarette lighter contains Canadian-goose model in Lucite base (\$35, Mark, Fore & Strike). English setter is of Royal Doulton ceramic (\$85, Abernethie & Fitch).



The Gift of Giving



FOR THE HUNTING SET, this Crown Staffordshire English bone china is hand-painted (dinner plate \$8, cup and saucer \$5.50, demitasse \$5.50, covered dish \$19.50, creamer \$5.50, sugar bowl \$10.50; at Plummer, Ltd.).

MALLARD-FAMILY LAMP has hand-carved base by J. Ahearn (\$150, Crossroads of Sport). Limoges china is decorated with game birds (roffeemaker \$15, saucerpans \$12, ovenproof casserole \$32.50, place setting \$27; Mayhew). Menaboni songbird plate (rear) comes in sets of four (\$25 the set, Abercrombie & Fitch). Mahogany table has game-bird tiles (\$142.50, Carl V. Schleran; Sakowitz, Houston). Woodcock is by J. Ahearn (see page 45).



NAUTICAL TRAY is mahogany, with sailor knots and compass rose mounted under glass (\$30, Crossroads of Sport). Yacht earthenware is blue and white, has anchor decoration (dinner plates \$49 dozen, cup and saucer \$49 dozen; Plummer, Ltd.). Stoneware mugs are emblazoned with your club and boat burgees (\$35 for six, Hammacher Schlemmer). Gold-rimmed old-fashioned and other cocktail glasses have your burgee applied to order (\$73 per dozen, Tiffany). Antique Danish compass has green tole case and cover (\$28, Bloomingdale's).

FEWTER TANKARDS are shown in three styles. Large antique one has two handles, glass bottom (\$49.50, Bloomingdale's); covered one is modern (\$17.50, Dunhill, Ltd.), as is the one-handled one at right (\$10, Lord & Taylor). Pillow has hand-appliqued wood duck, (by Mrs. Marion Newton, \$12; Crossroads of Sport). Decoys are all one-of-a-kind, circa 1900. Merganser (lower left) is \$15; Canada goose \$25; curlew on driftwood \$35; yellowlegs \$55 (all Stony Point, N.Y. Folk Art Gallery). Duck lamp is pewter (\$178, B. Altman). Nautical weathervane is of antiqued copper (\$250, B. Altman). French china greyhound is almost life-size, comes from Bayant in Normandy (\$225, Mayhew). Chintz has America's Cup defenders' print (\$5 a yard, Greiff). Prints are original lithographs: *Off to the Ocelot Patch* by Raymond Creelmore (\$10) and *Two Pair* by Churchill Ettlinger (\$25, both Associated American Artists). Richard Bishop's *Sticks of Waterford & Upland Game Birds* is a rare edition (\$50, Abercrombie & Fitch). Pewter canapé tray has raised horse-head design (\$20, Black, Starr & Gorham).







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SPORT IN ART

Lethal gentleman

PAINTED to please the flashy taste of the swells who congregated around the Prince of Wales (later George IV), John Hoppner's portrait of "The Gentleman Fighter" Richard Humphreys is a sort of 18th-century pinup. And like today's Ingemar, Humphreys was as lethal as he was handsome. He twice defeated the famous Daniel Mendoza. Hoppner's portrait is of the unscathed and still popular Humphreys, before Mendoza exacted revenge and defeated the Gentleman twice.

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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

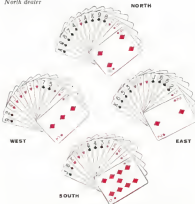
License to kibitz

MY CUSTOMARY DESIGN for living provides few opportunities to engage in my favorite pastime, kibitzing. In my Sunday afternoon television shows however, not only am I cast as a kibitzer, but by the very nature of things I am expected to comment on every hand instead of maintaining a dignified and, I might add, difficult silence.

When the series was filmed I had the fun of watching far more hands than are shown on your TV screen. There were practice matches before the camera started rolling. There were hands played to wit away the time when the electricians, stagehands and cameramen were performing essential technical chores. And, of course, there were the hands played after the show.

I wish that some of the hands I watched off camera had been part of the filmed matches. This one, for example, played by Kay Rhodes with Margaret Wagar, the partners who set an alltime record by winning four straight National Women's Pair Championships.

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	2♠	PASS
3♠	PASS	4♠	PASS
4♥	PASS	5♠	PASS
7♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: heart queen

Sitting behind Kay in the South position, I felt that she held herself well in check during the auction. Margaret Wagar, however, had suddenly burst into a grand-slam bid with the North hand, despite a spade holding that made such an undertaking extremely hazardous. I must agree, however, that Margaret's optimism had some points to commend it. When South jumped in diamonds and then showed club support North hoped that her partner's holding included no more than one spade. If she had two spades there was still the finesse to try if the club suit failed to provide a discard.

Finally there was Margaret's unanswerable argument: "I'm practicing for that \$500 grand-slam bonus on TV."

West opened the queen of hearts, and when dummy was put down I, as kibitzer, figured out my line of play. My idea was to win the heart, come off dummy with a trump, ruff a low heart with a high diamond in North's hand and continue trumps until the opponents had no more. Next, I would cash three top clubs, ending with the queen in South's hand. If the club suit did not split, I would take the spade finesse.

As you will see, I would have been defeated. The clubs didn't split and the spade king was offside. But Kay made the hand without the slightest difficulty.

She came to her hand with a trump and ruffed a heart in dummy; then came back with a trump and drew another round to exhaust West. Next she led the jack of spades.

When West failed to produce the king, Kay went up with dummy's ace, cashed the ace of clubs and came back to her hand with the queen of clubs. Next, she cashed her two good trumps and the king of hearts, discarding the remainder of dummy's spades.

East was hooked. He could see that it would be fatal to discard a club, so he let go the king of spades and hoped that partner would hold the ten-spot. But Kay produced that card to win the 12th trick and dummy's high club won the 13th and grand slam.

After paying my sincere compliments, I asked why Kay had chosen her complex line of play instead of the comparatively simple one which seemed to offer just about the same chance of success.

"Anybody can take a finesse," Kay answered honestly. "But just think how good it would have looked on the air to make a grand slam via a Vienna Coup."

EXTRA TRICK

The first mention of the fourth suit to be bid by a partnership (in this case, North's heart bid) can usually be read as forcing—even when made at the game level. With a real heart suit North would have bid it over two diamonds, instead of her bid of three clubs. **END**



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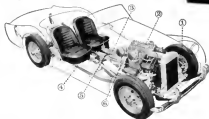
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JOE PRYKE, *Gorge Vale Golf Club, Victoria, B.C.*

Tip from the Top

Hooding the wedge in the rough

THE CLUB that has done the most to revolutionize golf in the last 25 years is the wedge. At the same time it seems to have been more of a boon for the accomplished players than it has for the poorer players for whom it was supposed to eliminate a lot of trouble, too. For instance, it was said that the wedge would make it easier for average golfers to get out of the rough, but as often as not they would be just as well off going with the old nibblek or nine-iron. It is the extra weight in the head of the wedge that seems to throw less expert golfers off. They have difficulty getting the clubhead through the shot without the face opening on them.

When you are playing out of the rough you can help the wedge to do its stuff if you hood the face, or turn the toe in slightly. This minor change in the head's position will counteract the resistance of the tall grass. It seems to streamline the head more, and the face goes right through without opening. This hooding helps women players especially, for they don't have the same strength men do in forcing the heavy club through whatever is growing around the ball in the rough.

It takes a little practice and it looks wrong to the eye at first, but hooding the face of the wedge also facilitates recovering from traps where the sand is loose. You should also know that hooding the wedge on those 25-to-50-yard pitches from the fairway will send your ball in low, with a good deal of cheek or bite on it.



club face open



club face hooded



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NEXT TIP: Jackie Pung on the lateral movement forward

A FAST SPRING INTO BETTER SHORTSWING

by **WILLY SCHAEFFLER**
and **MORT LUND**

Drawings by Burt Silverman



TWO YEARS AGO a dramatic change swept through American skiing. Willy Schaeffler, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's contributing ski editor, introduced his modification of the new Austrian shortswing style in these pages (Nov. 25, 1957 *et seq.*). Thereafter, two out of three skiers on the hill were either trying the shortswing or talking about it. But the ski teachers who developed the Austrian shortswing under Professor Stefan Kruckenhauser did not stop experimenting in 1957. The theory and technique of shortswing today has been carried further. In collaboration with Kruckenhauser and Friedl Wolfgang, Clemens (Miko) Hutter, a young Austrian Ph.D. (currently an instructor at the Sugarbush ski area in Vermont), created a new and exciting learning technique called *Sprunggedeln*. It employs quick, springing jumps to bring skiers more rapidly into shortswing's final stage, *Wedeln*—which is a series of swiftly connected shortswing turns that marks the accomplished recreational skier. Late last winter Willy Schaeffler explored and confirmed the thesis of *Sprunggedeln*: that leg spring plus countermovement of the upper body versus the lower body is the heart of shortswing. Then Schaeffler set to work expanding and modifying Hutter's exercises to meet the needs of American skiers. At left, Schaeffler demonstrates a basic learning maneuver in *Sprunggedeln*: a *Sprung*, or abbreviated leap with pole held in the hands. It looks startling. It works effectively. *Sprunggedeln*, Part I, begins at right by commanding the skier to hold his poles in both hands while he concentrates on the spring and countermovement that will lead new and old skiers alike to smoother skiing.

Snowplow ballet: the first step

Snowplow ballet is a practice maneuver that has several purposes. The first is to teach you how the upper body swivels in opposition to the lower body as the turn progresses. One of the common mistakes in shortswinging is to bend sideways over the outside ski to make the weight-shift, ignoring the counterswivel of the upper body that should take place. In snowplow ballet the poles are held well out toward the ends and always kept parallel to the ground. The arms then swing in an exaggeration of normal shortswinging arm movements. The position of the hands at the ends of the poles forces the outside shoulder back as long as you hold onto the poles. The second purpose of the snowplow ballet is to make you get your weight over the outside ski. Normally, a jab of the pole can cover up failure to shift the weight. Deprived of your pole as a pivoting device, however, you cannot go through a plow ballet turn with too much weight on the inside ski. Third, by repeating the ballet cycle rapidly, you will learn that the weight shift from one leg to another is initiated, not by lifting your weight with the pole, but by a straightening of the weighted leg.

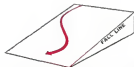
Move slowly down fall line in the snowplow position, thighs nearly vertical. Knees bend forward and inward to edge skis. Poles are horizontal, waist-high.



To turn left, poles swing over almost parallel to right ski, body bends from waist to throw weight to right ski. Knees turn inward to increase edging of right ski. Left ski just brushes over snow.



As soon as skier turns left somewhat, start right turn. Poles swing over left ski, body bends left. Left knee turns inward to edge left ski. Object of ballet cycle is to make possible rapid shifts from left turn to right turn and back.



GENTLE SLOPE is required for practice of snowplow ballet. Arrow above traces path of skier as he starts in fall line and then makes a left and a right turn. If he shifts weight from ski to ski as quickly as he should in going from one turn to another, the result is a snakelike path, and skier seems to be dancing a swift ballet down fall line.

CONTINUED



Skier in traverse position, leaning at right angles to fall line, poles held parallel to downhill ski and to the ground.



To begin right turn, uphill ski steers out, poles simultaneously to new position almost paralleling the uphill ski.



Steered ski skids into the full turn, with skier bending from waist to put almost full weight on the steered ski.



Holding the torso and hips toward the outside ski enables the skier to finish the turn with the skis together.



Poles now up and back almost parallel to downhill ski, and body braced farther out to put full weight on outside ski.

Stem ballet: for steeper terrain

Stem ballet is practiced as a long sweeping turn on somewhat steeper terrain than snowplow ballet. The object is to emphasize correct weight shift, correct edging and finishing the turn with skis parallel. Stem ballet starts from a traverse. This means that the first weight shift is from downhill leg to uphill leg and also that all upper-body movement is complete before the skis start turning toward the fall line. The weight shift from one leg to the other is initiated through an almost invisible spring from the weighted leg. Thus, shifting weight and stemming in the stem-ballet turn become rapid simultaneous movements that tend to skid the stemmed ski into the fall line with almost the full weight of the skier on it. If the weight shift is made too slowly the stemmed ski will not skid toward the fall line and the turn will be hard to start. An even worse mistake, made frequently, is failing to put any weight at all on the uphill leg when turning from a traverse. The skier who puts out a timid stem and then steers himself toward the fall line with the weight still on the inside ski will be going too fast to shift his weight successfully to the outside ski. The inevitable result is a fall. So much for proper weight shift. Once you are in the fall line, gravity will pull you straight down the hill unless you dig the inside edge of your outside ski into the snow to steer you out of the fall line again. In order to make that edge bite deeply, you will see that you have to bend the outside knee inward under you, just as in the snowplow ballet. Edging with the knee from the bent-leg short-swing stem position is easy. Skiers who attempt to edge while the outside leg is straight will find that the knee does not bend inward from this position and the ski consequently does not edge. The last lesson to be had from the stem ballet is that your turn should end with the skis together, thus giving you practice brushing over the snow with skis parallel, as they will be in the advanced turns to come. After running with skis in parallel position for a while, a quick straightening of the weighted leg followed by an equally quick uphill stem and upper body countervisel will start you off on your next turn.



In fall line, outside knee bends inward to increase bite of edge of outside ski. This causes ski to veer out of fall line.

MEDIUM-GRADE SLOPE with flat runout is a good place to practice stem ballet. Arrow shows skier's path in making single sweeping turn to right from a traverse to the left, ending in a traverse to the right. Snowplow ballet is performed close to fall line, but stem ballet goes from traverse to traverse. Thus stem ballet forces skier to perform fast, simultaneous countervailing and uphill weight shift in order to get the skis skidding toward the fall line.



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Step stem: for tighter turns

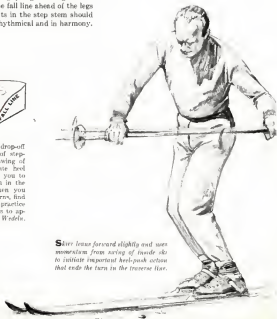
In step-stem ballet you *lift* your outside ski to the stem position, making a quicker weight shift than is possible with the stem ballet. Since you balance on the weighted leg to begin the turn, the quick straightening of the weighted leg now becomes more of a pronounced spring toward the fall line to approximate the strong lift you need to ski parallel. Thus the step stem bridges the gap between the stem turn and the parallel turn. Second, during the middle of the step stem you lift the inside ski, thereby eliminating any remaining tendency to leave your weight on the inside ski. Third, as you bring the inside ski quickly parallel to the outside ski at the end of the turn, you provide a momentum for initiating the heel push that ends all advanced shortswing turns and provides the coiled take-off position for the start of the next turn. When you have mastered a single turn (*below*), go on to connect a series of turns more and more closely until your skis trace a snake-like path down the slope as they did in the snowplow ballet. The tails of the skis will now be skidding out first to one side and then the other, with your upper body swiveling over the skis to keep you in balance. You are now approaching the action of *Wedeln*, where the counter movement of the upper body speeds the skidding of the skis, making possible ever quicker turns. Practiced in this manner, the step-stem ballet should correct many would-be wedelers who try to throw the skis toward the fall line with a flip of the hip. The step action of the exercise emphasizes that the skis in shortswing turns should be moved into the fall line through a combination of leg spring and weight shift. The hips must never move toward the fall line ahead of the legs or the arms. Finally, your movements in the step stem should not be jerky; they should be quick, rhythmical and in harmony.



ROLLING RIDGE with fairly sharp drop-off is ideal place to start practice of step-stem turn. Drop-off accelerates swing of skis, makes it possible to initiate heel push earlier. This in turn allows you to swing through a tighter arc than in the previous stem-turn exercise. When you have mastered single step-stem turns, find a smooth, moderate slope and practice closely connected step stems so as to approximate swing movement of the *Wedeln*.



Right turn starts with skis parallel, skier moving at 30° angle to traverse line. Upper body bends down from the waist to put weight on downhill ski.



Skier leans forward slightly and uses momentum from swing of inside ski to initiate important heel-push action that ends the turn in the traverse line.

Outside ski lifts quickly toward stem position. Inside leg straightens. The upper body counterbalances and starts to shift its weight to the outside ski.



Counterbalance brings weight onto the outside ski just after the ski is set down in the stem position. The inside ski carries almost no weight at this point.



In full lean, inside ski lifts completely off the snow, outside knee bends inward to increase edging action. This causes the skier to steer out of full lean.



As skier heads toward new traverse line, inside ski swings quickly alongside the outside ski, then comes to rest on snow parallel to the outside ski.

CONTINUED



Skier starts moving (left) at slight angle to traverse line, then shifts his weight slightly forward to initiate heel push (second figure from left).

Tails of skis lift rapidly off snow in short arcs toward fall line. Upper body starts the countering/steering movement.

Skis laid flat and at angle to the traverse line. Upper body leans quickly into hill to maintain skier's balance.

Traverse ballet: skis parallel

The traverse ballet is the first exercise in which you make the skis weave back and forth together in short, connected turns. Traverse ballet moves across the hill rather than down the hill, and the skis never cross the fall line. The exercise starts with a heel push while you are traversing at relatively slow speed. This puts you in a strong position to start the quick, springing lift with both skis together that is stressed in the traverse ballet. The spring carries the tails of the skis toward the fall line. The spring is an exaggeration of the subtle lift used in parallel skiing and *Wedeln*. Overemphasis of the leg spring at this stage trains the reflexes for the essential springing movements that provide lift. (In the classic *Wedeln*, the lift is often so subtle it passes unnoticed.) Keep the hop uphill a short one. The tails of the skis should travel just over the traverse line. During the hop you will have to shift weight and counterswivel energetically to stay in balance. You land in a bent-leg position, skis almost flat. A quick straightening of the legs now supplies the minute lift necessary to start the tails of the skis sliding downhill. As the skis slide back to the traverse line, the downhill movement of the tails is continued without a break and blends into a heel push that supplies the take-off platform for the next turn.

Heel push, initiated by a slight leg spring and countermovement of the upper body, returns skis to the traverse line.



A GRADUAL HILL is needed for traverse ballet practice. Pair of tracks at left above indicates skis at slight angle to traverse line. Next pair shows position of skis after initial heel push has been accomplished, bringing skier into traverse line. Third pair indicates position as skier lands after lifting tails of skis uphill. Last pair shows how heel push brings skis back into traverse line in position for uphill hop that starts cycle over again.

LARGE MOGUL offers best terrain for hop ballet turn. Drop-off on downhill side of mogul reduces amount of spring necessary to keep skis clear of ground until the tails have moved through 90°. For connected hop ballet turns, a smooth steep hill with 35° slope or more forms good terrain.



Ballet hop starts with skis moving at 45° angle to traverse line. Body counterswivels over downhill ski, knees bend forward so skier can make his spring.



Skier's spring starts tails of skis in powerful arc across the fall line. Poles and upper body swing in opposite direction to arc of the tails of the skis.

Hop ballet: across the fall line

In hop ballet the skis are lifted together through the fall line for the first time. The exercise puts a final polish on your ability to lift quickly and accurately. Be sure that you start the turn with leg spring. Let the arms and body follow. On steep terrain there is a temptation to start the turn by counterswiveling with the arms and upper body, an error which leads to improper edging and a probable fall. In this turn you can cut down on the amount of counterswivel so that the upper body faces downhill during a greater part of the turn. Do not abandon the counterswivel altogether, however. Expert skiers always counterswivel when they connect turns even though their counterswiveling may be so subtle it is hard to spot. The shorter the countermovement, the easier it is to connect hop ballet turns. Ultimately you should be able to connect turns in such a fashion that you can progress down a steep slope close to the fall line at moderate, controlled speeds. The long leap of the ballet hop forces you to keep your upper body over your boots—essential in negotiating steep terrain. If you let your weight go back as you start down a steep pitch, your upper body may not catch up to your skis and you are likely to end up out of control.

Skis land at 90° angle to take-off position. Outside leg bends inward of knee to edge ski and prevent tails of skis from swinging further downhill. At the same time, both knees bend forward to absorb landing impact, provide crouch stance for starting next hop.

CONTINUED

Wedeln ballet: smooth turns

Wedeln ballet is the culmination of Part I of the *Springwedeln* learning technique. In ballet *Wedeln* the lifting action and the counterswiveling action you have been learning are cut down to the minimum necessary to execute a series of smooth, shallow turns. The *Wedeln* ballet turn is initiated by a lift so subtle that the skis remain on the ground throughout the turn. At left he-low, the skier is just starting a right turn, lifting to swing his skis into the fall line. In the middle, his skis are in the fall line. At right, the skier has finished his counterswivel and edged his skis to stop the tails from brushing any farther from the fall line. From this position he will initiate his turn to the left. The path traced

by the skis will be a snakelike one across the fall line similar to that in the snowplow ballet in the first exercise. Note also that in *Wedeln* ballet there is no room for old-style rotation-in-the-direction-of-the-turn, which is sometimes erroneously combined with shortswing technique. The hands and upper body in *Wedeln* barely have time to counterswivel in one direction before they must swing back the other way to balance the skier against the thrust of the skis. (Counterswivel appears slight, because its effect here is to swivel lower body and skis.) Last lesson of the exercise is that *Wedeln* on smooth, moderate terrain needs very little or no help from the poles, provided the skier uses correct leg spring.



NEXT WEEK: THE POLES

In Part II of *Springwedeln*, Willy Schaeffler tells you how to blend the all-important action of the poles into the weight-shift, leg-spring and counterswivel movements you learned in Part I. Result: topflight skiing on any terrain.



How to flunk math and pass martinis

If you have a compulsive urge to measure martinis to the decimal point—you can be cured. It's not the portion that counts, but the potion. Neither a slide rule nor a propitious conjunction of stars can substitute for Seagram's higher 94 proof, (and hence glitteringly dryer) spirit. In fact, any gin dry-er simply wouldn't pour. Seagram's is naturally mellow, too, for it rested in leisurely contemplation long before being bottled.

Tonight, try a Seagram martini. *Enjoy.*

**SEAGRAM'S
GOLDEN GIN**
94 PROOF, NO EXTRA COST

SEAGRAM DISTILLING COMPANY, INC. 94 PROOF DISTILLED GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

BRITAIN'S GOLDEN

Half a million dollars deep, it entices some 17 million Englishmen each week to try their luck in predicting the fortunes of football—and gaining a fortune of their own

by EMBLY HAHN

THE football season—and by football in this case, in England, I mean soccer—lasts from August to April. On Thursday afternoon every week during this time, my gambling partner Mr. Harvell, who is also our gardener, handyman and chauffeur, leaves the garden or car or whatever he has been working on. He retires to the privacy of his living room, brings out the pools coupon and a pencil and settles down to the really important work of the week. Down the left-hand side of the coupon—which has arrived in the mail before the previous weekend—is a column of names listing football matches that are to be played off on the coming Saturday. Each column is arranged with the home team's name on the left and the "away," or visiting, team's on the right. The rest of the page is ruled off by horizontal and vertical lines, so that across the sheet from each pair of names runs a row of little boxes. There are usually 54 matches in the list, but there can be more, up to 60. Mr. Harvell is trying to prophesy the results of some of these matches, especially which ones are likely to end in a tie or, as the British prefer to put it, in a draw. He indicates his prognostication in each case with neatly drawn figures in the appropriate box, working his way down the page, but not filling in every single space, since the more up-and-down lines he fills in, the more it costs. He must also make up his mind which pool he intends to bet on. Shall it be the Penny Points Pool, fore-

casting 14 matches—a shilling for 12 attempts, three bob for 36? Or the Lit-Plan, covering 16 selections, for 5 shillings? (If he's got a Vernons coupon rather than one from Littlewoods, the name for that plan is V-Plan. But the principle, and the cost, are the same.) What about a perm, short for permutations and combinations? All of this must be thought out. When he is satisfied he puts the coupon into the addressed envelope that came with it, automatically reading and mentally replying to the boldly printed words over which he will ultimately seal the flap:

HAVE YOU—

- SIGNED YOUR COUPON
 - CHECKED FOR CORRECT DATE
- MADE SURE THAT ANY FIRM ENTRY IS ACCURATE AND COMPLETE

Yes, Mr. Harvell has done all this, but he doesn't yet seal the envelope. He must first go to the post office in the village and buy a postal order—for three and nine, or five, or whatever he feels that he and I should allow for this week's flutter. This he puts in with the coupon, seals it all up, stamps the envelope, mails it and comes home, dreaming just a little of how nice it is going to be if he's really managed to hit it on the nose this time.

Mr. Harvell is not greedy. He doesn't long for a big win of £300,000. He doesn't even wish he could get £75,000. He and Mrs. Harvell would be happy enough with a share

of £5,000. She explained it to me: "We'd buy a house," she said, "and rent it out until we feel like retiring, then we'd be able to move in ourselves. That would be just about it. What do you think you'd be doing with your half?"

"Six thousand," I said thoughtfully. "I'd need notice on that." For, as I said before, Mr. Harvell and I are partners in this weekly investment. I'm afraid it's a lopsided partnership, because he does all the thinking and figuring. I only pay half the expenses. Still, I don't think he feels aggrieved, because he knows from experience how hard I am at making out the coupon. At the beginning he tried to give me a fair chance of taking my turn every other week, and I made a mess of it. Nowadays he does it, and keeps me informed on anything out of the ordinary, such as an extraspecial big bet of 90c instead of 55c, or a win. Yes, we have had our lucky days. Once we got about a dollar apiece, over and above expenses. Another time we had \$4.50 each, and once, believe it or not, we took in £116—more than \$150 apiece. That time, my husband, who had always sneered at our preoccupation, looked very thoughtful.

THE first thing that strikes a visiting American about all this is the pungent fact that it's legal. There are laws against gambling in Britain (right now they are the subject of debate in Parliament, occasioned by a bill which would overhaul them completely), but the contention of pools champions is that the pools aren't gambling in the legal sense of the word but games of skill. Indeed, nobody who watches Mr. Harvell with his pencil could doubt that he really does lavish brain power and technique on the task. It is no mere lottery for him. No woe-wor could possibly claim

POOL

that it's as easy as shooting craps. Yet there are still cynics who maintain that you'd probably do quite as well by shutting your eyes and jabbing blindly at the coupon. These are the people who argue that the government connives at the game for the sake of the tax collected by the treasury from the pools firms—a tidy sum of money, as we shall shortly see—and that no official would dare fly in the face of the populace anyway by abolishing the pools, since to do so would certainly bring down the government. But then some people will say anything.

It is a fact that most contestants are dead serious about their selections and take a lot of trouble over them, which does not surprise the person who first looks at the layout. It seems pretty complicated (see page 73). I have just opened our weekly Littlewoods packet, in which are two

continued



STUDY IN CONTRAST are winners Walter and Kathleen Brockwell after they got £206,028 (\$176,878). He was foreman in a wine cellar, she helped out with dressmaking. With their stupendous winnings they vacationed on the Riviera (right), planned new house, invested for children.

sets of coupons—one for sending in, one to keep as a copy—a sheet of pure advertising and a little red paper hook of the rules for the new season, in compliance with the Pool Betting Act of 1954. The backs of the coupons are decorated with forms, on which one may try the fancier methods of betting, with Dickensian names such as The Easier Six. Small-time stuff. The Easier Six—the maximum you can bet on that is a pound. Along the top of next Saturday's pool are several beaming faces: Littlewoods winners who won six-figure dividends, shown complete with names, partial addresses and the amount each one got. The text doesn't tell you just how these lucky, or perhaps I should say skillful, persons did their betting, but I shouldn't be surprised to hear that most of them did it by way of the treble chance.

People like the treble chance—average investment, three shillings and nancepence—because if you win it you do win such a lot. It has been known to pay out more than £300,000 in one whack, which was at the time 54% of the entire pool, a limit which has since been reduced to 44%, and you are not likely to be competing with any other winner that week.

All you've got to do to take this money is guess the right eight matches to draw. Eight matches out of 54, or 56 or 57, have got to end in draws, and you've got to have guessed them all in advance, very unlikely eventualities both of them. But it has happened, and when it happens the one who guessed right is made. As a pools publicity man rightly says, "Any investor who has selected that eight can be as rude as he likes to his bank manager."

It may seem like small beginnings—a few shillings out of Everyman's pocket—but in sum they lead at the other end to a truly tremendous industry, which comes out ahead even after it has paid a 30% tax. I don't know exactly how many pools firms there are, but the main ones number half a dozen, and four of these are members of the Pools Promoters Association and are honest. Every week, according to the law, they announce their dividends. Littlewoods is the largest, and Vernons a close runner-up. (One intriguing sideline on the spirit of competition in Britain: a punter [bettor] who wishes to send in a perm to Littlewoods but happens to have only a Vernons coupon, or one who has a Littlewoods coupon but prefers Vernons, etc., can do so provided he makes his intentions "clear in meaning and capable

of only one interpretation." The cuckoo's-egg coupon will be accepted.)

The firms are all privately owned companies. From time to time the Labor Party agitates to nationalize the pools, but such action has not been taken. It would be an unpopular move. If such spokesmen had their way, even though pools winnings are tax-free in Britain, there would be a big crimp in the dividends, for one cannot deny that pools are a tempting source of funds for a hungry treasury. During the past fiscal year of 1958-59, some 17 million people in Britain spent about £90 million on the pools. Littlewoods' total alone for the year reached a new high of more than 43 million, and Shermans, Vernons, Soccer Pools, Cope's, and Empire Pools have all done proportionately well.

Of course an industry of such size is not easy to keep in order. The procedure for betting, as well as for paying out, has been carefully cut and dried, but it is still complicated. To start out, you may write and ask some firm to send you blank coupons, or some enterprising firm may have picked up your name instead or got it from a friend. Once you are on the list the coupons start coming in automatically. Drawing them up is the

continued

SNUG IN HIS DIGS with his dog Sude, Emily Hahn's partner, Len Harvell, figures out coupon for coming week. Miss Hahn herself, after a few tries, decided to leave this part of job to him and stick to writing. Best-known for her articles and

books on China (*China Is Me*, *The Sonny Sisters*, *Chung Kait-Shek*), she won new acclaim three years ago with *Dunwood*, the story of the great South African mines. She now lives in England with her husband, Charles Bower, and their two daughters.



Nothing says quality like the '60 DeSoto



BUY BAN-LON[®] SOCKS by *Interwoven[®]*
TRY these style-right fluffy-light one-size socks and see
WHY men prefer them.

AVAILABLE IN A VARIETY OF PATTERNS AND COLORS—\$1.00.



FREEMANSHIP OF POOLS is shown in this photograph, taken in Middlesbrough, of two girls and an old man comparing notes as they decide on their weekly choices.

BRITAIN'S GOLDEN POOL *revisited*

firms' headache; they must keep their lists of matches up to date, yet still get them out in time. When a match is not started or is not played, owing to some circumstance such as bad weather, it is considered void. There are other rules to take care of overtime playing, last-minute change of venue and so on.)

Once they've got their coupons, eager heavens may fill them in well ahead of time and pop them straight back to the firm, but most people like to sit and think awhile. Mr. Harvell is one of these. He doesn't post our coupon until Thursday evening or even Friday morning. As long as it gets in before 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon—kicking-off time is either 2:30 or 3 p.m.—it's safe. So, although a few returns begin trickling in on Monday, the receiving department at a place like Littlewoods isn't really busy until the trickle swells during the next few days. Friday is crazy, and Saturday is worse, until the closing-down moment of 4 o'clock, when everything shuts down tighter than a clam.

All that mail, of course, puts a considerable burden on the national post office system, and questions are sometimes asked in the House of Commons as to why the general public should be expected to bear the expense of a private game. To stifle criticism the biggest firms have worked out a method of sending their own vans to the

post office to collect the pools mail. Sack after sack of the little envelopes is unloaded at headquarters. At Littlewoods each envelope as it enters the building is stamped by a machine which embosses and pierces everything in it with a secret code—a code that is changed at irregular intervals. Three more code markings are made on the coupon as it progresses, and every paper is also microfilmed, a tremendous task considering how many bits of paper come in every day, but it pays off on contested claims. The firms work on the sound assumption that each coupon is a potentially valuable document, and it is treated as such.

Littlewoods employs 10,000 girls whose work is divided into two sections, sorting the coupons before the matches are played and checking them afterwards. Each action is as methodical as the firm can make it. Envelopes are slit and dealt out according to the number stamped on each. The girls take out coupon and postal order. The postal orders are sent off separately; at her desk the girl unfolds the coupon and looks it over and puts it in its proper pile. Then the coupons are strung like so many beads on a string, packed in sacks and put away in a strong room until the matches have been played off on Saturday afternoon, after which they are brought out again—on Monday morning—and checked against results.

continued

ACKNOWLEDGED EXCELLENCE BASED ON RESEARCH

BURGESS flashlight batteries are leak proof, shock-resistant and chrome plated to give you long, dependable service you can count on! Every cell is fully guaranteed against flashlight damage.



BURGESS *Radar-Lights*

are shock-proof! Super-powered beam battery is leakproof, built up to four or as long as old-fashioned lantern batteries.

Radar-Lite

Powerful sealed beam spotlight and emergency red flasher! Ideal for car, home, sport! \$12.45 with battery



Radar-Lamp

Bright, safe light at the flick of the switch! For home, cabin, tent or boat! Chrome or copper. \$8.75 with battery



Radar BEARCAT

Rugged, focusing lantern shines quarter-mile bright beam. \$6.95 with battery.



Ask Your Dealer for **BURGESS**

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

FREEPORT, ILL. • NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA



**WATCH
WHAT
BLACK WATCH
DOES
FOR
A
MAN
!**



the man's fragrance
for around-the-clock distinction

shave lotion or cologne, \$2.00
\$1.95, 4 oz.

BLACK WATCH
created for men by
PRINCE MATCHABELLI

BRITAIN'S GOLDEN POOL *continued*

The firms take extraordinary precautions against losing these bits of paper. Now and then one may slip down behind a desk, or fall on the floor under a piece of furniture. Every day the mailbags are thoroughly searched, all envelopes are cut and opened out completely and the building is searched, after hours, three times—desks, drawers, spaces behind furniture, and floors. All furniture is shifted. Waste-baskets are very suspect, so wastepaper makes a slow exit by conveyor belt, and is scrutinized all along the way for fear a stray coupon, or even the torn bit of a coupon, might escape. If some punter claims a big win and the coupon hasn't turned up, a tremendous general search is instituted. To date no one has proved, in the end, that he lost out on a big win in this manner. Once about four years ago a man claimed to have won £6,000 on the treble chance with a Littlewoods coupon. He was able to produce his copy and

the counterfoil of the postal order, and the investigators felt it was a genuine claim, yet the coupon certainly had not turned up at Littlewoods. Later it did arrive, with a few others which had been sent by post office mistake to the continent instead of Liverpool, and the firm paid up. They could have argued that they were not liable, but they thought of the bad publicity and did the handsome thing.

But small mishaps are fairly common, as when a girl fails to spot a win of a few shillings or a pound or so. Partly because of this possibility, dedicated pools players like to check their copy coupons with the radio or television reports on football matches that come through late on Saturday. Mr. Harvell does it regularly. So do I, but only occasionally, because I am a woman who finds even bingo taxing and can just barely manage to watch the end of a horse race. On that great day when we win the £12,000, therefore, it will be Mr. Harvell who realizes



ALL OVER ENGLAND, POOLS ARE HEAVILY ADVERTISED, AS ON THIS DOUBLE-DECKER BUS

ALL OVER LITTLEWOODS, HEADS ARE BENT STUDIOUSLY OVER COUPONS ON GAME DAY



THIS WEEKEND ON LITTLEWOOD

IT'S TWO WEEKS TWO GROUPS SHORT \$519,947

EVERYONE GETS A BIGGER SHARE IN LITTLEWOOD

22 WINNERS SHARED \$252,370

LITTLEWOODS - BETTER FOR ALL

FOUR WEEKS RUNNING ON LITTLEWOODS

\$252,075

www.btl.com

ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, PAST WINNINGS ARE PROCLAIMED TO BE THE PENTON ON

it first. He will be right on the spot, ready to send in his claim by telegram. The pools people make a point of reminding you that you can telephone your wire from anywhere. Theoretically, it's unnecessary to check for yourself or to make a claim, since the girls are supposed to spot it any way, and the authorities then let you know the happy tidings. "But it makes it easier for every body if you do," admits the firm.

A Littlewoods booklet describes the checking: "With her coupon each girl gets a marking sheet. It has been printed during the weekend and is exactly the same size as the pool to be marked. By holding the card, with the correct 1-2-x marked down the side, against the coupon the girls can see at a glance if your coupon fails to qualify for a win. Special cards are available for left-handed girls. While the marking is going on there is no talking. The music-while-you-work loudspeakers are silent. Every few yards is a security man. Watching each group of checkers is a supervisor.

"Speed plus accuracy is the aim.

And some of the girls can check as many as 1,000 coupons a day. If you have made a correct forecast, your coupon is torn from the string tying it to the others and handed to a supervisor. Later it will be checked again.

"Naturally, every girl hopes to mark a fortune-winning coupon. As soon as any big winner is discovered, up goes her hand and over comes the supervisor. The coupon is extracted and a duplicate left in its place. The original goes to the claims department. If your telegram claiming a win arrives before your coupon has been checked, the pools can find your entry form among all the other millions within five minutes and pass it through to 'claims.'

"Every big winner is visited. In fairness to the losers, the pools firms want to ensure that every winning entry is valid. . . . All this happens on Monday. If everything is in order another security man will return on Wednesday with the winner's cheque."

One of the popular dailies has gone into more detail as to the security:

continued

ESCAPE from the ordinary

We now have available 375 of the **FINEST OUTDOOR SWEATERS in the World**

These hand-knit COWICHAN SWEATERS are made by a small group of Indian women knitters on Vancouver Island, British Columbia. They shear their own wool from specially selected sheep. Hand card and spin the wool themselves into luxuriant yarn that is used to make these ORIGINAL bulky knit sweaters. All merino lambs only are retained. These Cowichan Indian Sweaters will shed rain or snow all day. Each sweater is different and unique in design.

Our Trader has collected 375 of what we honestly believe to be the finest hand-knit sweaters ever made. We are offering them for sale to our mail order customers. They will wear a lifetime and they are available no place else.

These Cowichan Cardigans are beautifully knit with collars and have lifetime full-length sleeves. Wonderful for outdoor wear, including fishing, skiing, golfing, boating, boating.

ORDER BY MAIL



COLOR: 8 colors woven and off whites

SIZE: S, M, L, XL - men and women

Give regular coat size, plus sleeve length, weight and height

PRICE \$47.50 postpaid

CHRISTMAS DELIVERY GUARANTEED

Send for our free 72-page color catalog containing finest sweaters and hunting equipment of exclusive design.

If you do not believe this is the finest sweater you have ever worn - at any price - we will gladly refund your money.

Norm Thompson Dept. 45

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Make
delicious
MANHATTAN
cocktails-at home

EQUAL TO THOSE SERVED AT
WORLD-FAMOUS BARS

Make them the quick, easy way with Holland House Manhattan Mix. Just add your favorite brand of whiskey to Holland House Manhattan Mix and you'll serve perfect Manhattans every time.



Other popular Holland House Cocktail Mixes: Dry Martini, Daiquiri, Whiskey Sour, Tom Collins, Old Fashioned, Bronx, Side Car, Quinine Tonic and Gimlet.

**HOLLAND HOUSE
MANHATTAN MIX**

Full pint—enough for 32 cocktails

89¢ Slightly higher in Southern & Western States

At Food, Drug, Beverage & Liquor Stores.
Write for free cocktail and camp recipe!
Holland House Sales Co., Woodside 77, N. Y.



GIFT OF DISTINCTION



The "Statesman" Pendulum thermometer by Taylor combines the good taste of the giver. Combines traditional charm with accuracy, reliability. Solid mahogany case with polished brass trim, attractive hand-dyed indicator and recessed thermometer #3499, \$35.00. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, New York and Toronto, Ontario

A Taylor Instrument



1st cigarette to
give you both
high filtration &
refreshing taste

BRITAIN'S GOLDEN POOL *continued*

"First of all the investigation bureau study your winning coupon. They check that it has gone through the system of code-stamping. They get hold of all the back copies of your investments they can find. They study what your system has been; whether you have suddenly changed it; whether you have altered your investment; whether you have suddenly started posting your coupon late in the week. They are looking for funny business."

"This security is an essential part of the proceedings. So much money is involved that a firm can't be too careful."

Everything must be checked, including receipt of the postal orders. From time to time in the old days, a girl would ditch one of the enclosures. She doesn't get much chance to do it nowadays; her petty crime is almost sure to be exposed in the search for bigger game. Security officers—Littlewoods was employing 168 of them at the last count, most of them ex-police-men—keep an eye on things in general, and spring frequent surprise checks on the staff, for it is one of the favorite dreams of racketeers to trick the pools, and even otherwise respectable people have attempted to work a change on the system. Experience has taught the firms most of their methods. An attack from the inside, based on a partnership between the bettor and some checker, is presumably prevented by unexpected swoops, searches that are constantly made of checkers' clothing and handbags, as well as those of people working on the machines and in the canteens. Nobody is allowed into a Littlewoods building on Saturday after kickoff time. Nobody inside can go out and then return. No telephone calls are accepted. No one indoors can sneak out to his car in the parking lot to listen to scores on the radio.

As for outside methods, it seems unlikely that the most determined crook could suborn a large number of football teams and bribe them to throw the games all in one Saturday afternoon. Less ambitious attempts, such as sending in coupons with false postmarks (they've got to come by mail), are made every week, but they aren't successful. Somebody did nearly manage once to do something like that; he disguised himself as a postman and shipped an envelope, falsely postmarked, in through the crack of a window, but it didn't work, and

now there simply aren't any cracks at Littlewoods where a man could push an envelope in. The unofficial openings are wired.

All in all, it seems simpler just to fill in your coupon, the legal way, and take your chances and get your kicks like everybody else—within the law. When you take everything into account, those kicks are considerable, anyway. It's no use talking to a confirmed pools addict about the numerical chances against him. I find it interesting, but not discouraging, that there are 1,040,465,790 ways to select eight matches from 54. So what? It just might be Mr. Harvell and me next time, mightn't it? It's got to be somebody. Every week somebody wins, that's the point.

When he does, a number of interesting things happen. The firm takes a genuine avuncular interest in the people who get smashing wins. Littlewoods shows them the best way to invest their money. It does this immediately, as soon as the money is paid over and before the winners can begin the old nightclub-and-champagne routine, and it must be admitted that in so doing they are wise as well as kindly, since such spectacular winnings, followed by spectacular dissipation, might well strengthen the hands of the highly vocal minority opposed to the whole fabric of the pools.

THIS is how it happens. The pools firm makes sure first, of course, that the winner is a genuine winner—no monkey business on his part and no mistake in the office. Part of the investigation calls for a written statement from the winner, with a brief biography and description of whatever prizes he has won in the past, if any. When the firm is satisfied that it's all aboveboard, the money is paid over.

Almost before the shouting has died down, there is Littlewoods at the door again, with bank managers and investment advisers and all the rest, ready and anxious to help you handle the bonanza. The first time I paid genuine attention to this side of pools winning was in 1957, when, along with Mr. Harvell and most of the rest of Britain, I saw by the papers that an honest widow woman of Stockport—a poor, worthy widow with two children to bring up, who went out cleaning to earn the money to do this—had won a terrific hunk of cash with the very small bet of eighteen

continues



CERTIFIED PROOF FROM TOP TESTING LABORATORY:

**RATED
BEST**



RONSON C.F.L.

SHAVES CLOSER-FASTER than all other leading electric shavers

HERE'S WHY RONSON (FL) was proven best of all by York Research Corporation. The latest models of all 5 leading electric shavers were tested for what a man wants most in a shaver: Closeness, speed, comfort. RONSON (FL) proved best on every count.

RONSON CFL proven first for closeness. Ronson. Ronson's shaving head...thinnest of any shaver tested. Other shavers have a thick, rigid shaving head between beard and cutting blades. Blades can't get close to the base of the whiskers...leave a heavy layer of beard. But Ronson's shaving head is paper thin. Cutting blades reach the base of the whiskers to shave you clean.

RONSON CFL proven first for speed. Ronson; Ronson has 32 surgical steel cutting blades...

and more active shaving area than any other shaver tested. That's why Ranson shaves more beard with every single stroke.

RONSON CFL proven first for comfort. Reason: With Ronson you shave with a touch so light you barely feel it. The weight of the shaver is all the pressure you need.

And only Ronson has *Super Trim*—a full-length trimming edge that squares up sideburns, trims mustache, cuts all the hard-to-get hair other shavers miss. Then, at the end of a perfect shave, Ronson, with *Precut-Clean*, cleans itself out—at the touch of a button!

Give him the electric shaver rated best, the **WILSON CFL Surprise**—this handsomest of shaving gifts is *dollars lower than any other*.



1. 1992 2. 1993 3. 1994 4. 1995
 5. 1996 6. 1997 7. 1998 8. 1999
 9. 2000 10. 2001 11. 2002 12. 2003

RCA Victor Newsmaker Radios For Sportsmen Who Like Fine Listening



Superb two-speaker performance

Dual speakers—mounted left and right of dial—deliver rich, room-filling sound. Finished back. Big, easy-to-read tuning dial. Pull-push on-off volume control. In white and three 2-tone finishes.

The Starfire (X3)



Blocks man-made static

Sleek table radio with exclusive "Filteramic" antenna that screens out man-made static. Phono-jack. Dual speakers. Finished back. 3 two-tone finishes.

The Solitaire (X4)



Powerful AM and FM reception

Superior performance on both the regular AM band and static-free FM band. Built-in antennas. Dual controls. Slide-rule tuning dial. 3 smart finishes.

The Viscount (XF3)

RCA VICTOR

Specialist in the design and manufacture of electronic equipment

BRITAIN'S GOLDEN POOL *continues*

pence—about 21c. Almost £207,000, it was. I forget the details. My memory tells me, falteringly, that it was the first time she had ever tried her luck. It also tells me without absolute assurance that this was the biggest win in pools history up to that date. But there is no doubt at all in my recollection that we were all—the entire pools public of Great Britain—pleased and happy at Mrs. Nellie McGrail's luck. Indeed, there was so much enthusiasm over it that it percolated into the financial page of my particular evening paper, and brought a personal note into the hitherto dedicated style of the syndicated column on investment for the ordinary man. "A very tiny little sum," this hitherto completely impersonal columnist wrote, "and I am sure we all wish the lady well. Now if I were in Mrs. McGrail's shoes, this is what I would do with the money." Then he broke it down into suitable smaller packets—a project that filled all his space for the day. And, actually, it was really like that, more or less, for Mrs. McGrail. At the very moment I was reading about the imaginary disposition of her fortune, a number of equally total strangers were arranging it in truth. They had been marshaled by benevolent Littlewoods for the protection of the new-rich widow.

"Oh yes, we set up a wet-nurse system to look after our winners," a Littlewoods official later explained to me. "You can't expect a woman, or for that matter a man, to know how to handle a whopping great sum like that if she or he has never coped before with anything more than a small insurance policy. As soon as the win was confirmed we set up an advisory committee to look after her interests. It consists of the head of the trustee department of her local bank, a firm of solicitors, and a firm of stockbrokers who got together with the bank manager and decided on the best investments to be made in her behalf. They meet regularly every quarter to see how things are going. At the beginning this was done: a trust fund of £25,000 set up for each of the two children—they're almost teen-agers now—and a lump sum as a present to her parents. Eventually, she invested £144,000. On the dividends of these investments she could have lived at a rate of some £60 a week."

In fact, she did not live at that rate, and here is an interesting general truth about big prizewinners. With the exception of that occasional human rocket who gets into the headlines and the bankruptcy court, if not worse, the lucky punters are a thrifty, sober lot. Recently, aware that it has been two years since Mrs. McGrail got her money, Littlewoods sent out word that they were ready to take stock and ask questions of the advisory committee as to how things were going. Reporters gathered to ask other questions of the lady herself at the same time. Her financial state stands up nicely under inspection. In



WINNING FLICK Sergeant Bryan Richterling, shows check shared with 23 RAF men.

May 1959, her investments were worth £177,000; there has, in other words, been a capital appreciation of £33,000. Added to the dividends already mentioned, she is now receiving an income of £40 every day, and all because some two years ago she made a bet of eighteen pence. Mrs. McGrail has consistently stuck to her original decision to stay with her old friends. She bought a bigger house, quite in the proper tradition, but it's on the same road as the old one. Her daughters are in the same schools they used to attend. True, she no longer goes out to work, but to date she still gets one of the daughters to give her a home permanent when she needs one. (Perhaps, however, on the first day after the winning she made an exception to that rule. I am told that it is almost instinctive among lucky ladies to go straight to a hairdresser downtown and order the works.) The Littlewoods man who looks upon

Mrs. McGrail as his special charge reports that he thinks she is beginning to realize at last that she isn't poor. After having bought a refrigerator and washing machine, a new sewing machine, a television set and a second-hand car, after having found a cleaning woman to help out with the housework twice a week (though Mrs. McGrail still does all her own cooking), after getting the older girl set in a training course as a shorthand typist, which is her ambition, Mrs. McGrail wants to travel abroad. She is studying Italian with this in mind.

For some time Mrs. McGrail has been the pride and joy of the pools,

ting the ticket, widespread as the habit is, sometimes leads to trouble. There have been bitter quarrels among winners or would-be winners when one punter accuses another of keeping the whole lot though he wagered only half the bet. However, the British are on the whole very nice people, and such quarrels are exceptional. A happy trust and unanimity obviously prevailed in the case of the 19 policemen who shared out a plum-prize not long ago and, as you might expect, the reporters had a field day. But it was in the first week of October 1959 that even the syndicate stories of pools winnings got a new twist.

On that day the nation was gratified, if inevitably a little envious, to hear of a group win that outbids all such winnings to date. Even the group of policemen had to take a back seat afterward, because no less than 24 young men were included in this one. Of all the monster stuns won to date, this was one of the very biggest—£232,675, plus an unstipulated number of shillings and pence—and as if all this were not staggering enough, the winners were all members of the Royal Air Force, stationed at Lindholme in Yorkshire. But hardly had Littlewoods' avuncular financial experts brought out their charts and bankbooks when they ran into the sort of snag they do not often encounter.

ONE of the youngest of the flyers, an 18-year-old named Kenneth Hooton, showed a strangely glum face among all the smiles. The shares-out naturally put it down to the possibility that he hadn't taken more of a bite of the original bet, but as it developed that he was entitled to £6,633 of the loot, they figured, quite correctly, that their first guess was wrong. Young Hooton's trouble was quite otherwise: he was simply appalled by the discovery that he had won anything at all. He is a strict Methodist who doesn't approve of gambling; what's more, his lay-preacher father approves still less, if that were possible. Kenneth never would have entered the syndicate if he'd had the slightest idea that it might win. He had put in his little bit merely to be matey. Yet the devil had played a dirty trick on him and given him £6,633 he didn't want, just to show he had sinned. Kenneth knew his father was on his way to see him about

continued

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WINNING WINNER. Mrs. Nellie McGrail, holds Littlewoods check for £236,706.

but one of the stimulating things about this great gambling game is that you never know when another spectacular will turn up. Her coup has already been outdone by other winnings, but the public didn't get quite so much of a hoot out of them because they were not single prizes. Or, in other words, one single person didn't scoop the pool. A lot of bettors are like Mr. Harvell and me; they place their bets in partnership. Often they are even more economical than we are. Compared with most of these syndicates, Mr. Harvell and I are daisy plungers, madly extravagant; the ordinary method is to split up the weekly wager into five or six or 10 parts. Last year several coupons owned by syndicates came in first. Each partner got quite enough as his share to make Mr. Harvell and me misty-eyed with envy, and yet it isn't quite the same. For one thing, as you might expect, this business of split-

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BRITAIN'S GOLDEN POOL *continued*

this, on the heels of the advisory committee. His heart quailed.

Father arrived, and retired with his erring son to talk the matter over. It did not take long. The two soon emerged to give their decision to the waiting public. Kenneth's money, every penny of it, was to be given away to charity.

I am sure I am not the only person in Britain whose reaction to this news was disappointment mingled with impatience. I was unregenerately pleased, therefore, when Kenneth and his father suffered a change of mind. A few days later another announcement came from the Hootson family: Kenneth's money is to be divided. One-third of it will go to charity; the rest is to be invested and used later when the boy is out of service and ready to make a start in life. (I heaved a sigh of relief.) You may be sure that the investment part of it will be lovingly and carefully taken care of by Littlewoods. They take their self-imposed task in this respect very seriously and personally.

"Should a winning client desire to invest in a business," one of such a committee wrote to me, "we always employ expert advice to guide him or her. Recently a winning client wanted to purchase a public house, and it was our pleasant task to discover whether the alcohol and the people who consumed it were in keeping with the price demanded. Through a haze I can report that the public house showed every satisfaction and today is doing a vigorous and rewarding trade in Princess Rishborough."

Kenneth Hootson, of course, won't be investing in a pub. Nor will he ever put any of his money back into pools coupons, but Littlewoods and the other firms aren't worrying, since few regulars let moral scruples or anything else distract them from their weekly fling. Consider, for example, the story of the man who was had up, some years ago, for having allegedly kidnaped a girl, beat her, assaulted her and kept her forcibly under restraint for several days. It was a gaudy case altogether—he pleaded guilty, as I recall, and was eventually imprisoned—but what stands out in my mind is the significant detail that he paused in what must have been, to say the very least, a complicated procedure, with the girl tied up and struggling and all, in order to fill in his pools coupon.

END

19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

BASKETBALL: THE NO. 1'S Sir:

In your pro basketball preview (SI, Oct. 26) you state that George Yardley and Dolph Schayes are the most potent scoring punch in the league. Let me remind you that Cliff Hagan and Bob Pettit are the No. 1 scoring duo in the league. Last year they broke Paul Arizin's and Neil Johnson's two-man point total, but you didn't bother to include it in your records. Just look at the averages and the question is answered. I realize though that being from a small town like St. Louis makes no difference to you Easterners and you print only what you want, as is proved by numerous articles on the fabulous Boston Celtics and other such trash. The Hawks have beaten the Cels in one playoff and lost another. Does this indicate they are inferior? It's the same old story of being good in the East and getting the big play from the sportswriters there while the good teams in the Midwest and West are shoved aside.

I also find it humorous in your numerous articles on Bill Russell to note that you say he has out-mailed point production totals off all the big men in the league. Another fallacy: Pettit, if anything, has a higher average against Russell than the rest of the league. I've watched this closely and his average is more against

Boston than against the rest of the league. Get on the ball!

Rolla, Mo.

D. DONIS

● George Yardley is the first player ever to score more than 2,000 points in a season; Dolph Schayes has scored more points (over 14,000 now) than anyone in NBA history. In their first full season together, they must be rated "most potent." In our scouting reports the St. Louis Hawks were termed a team without a flaw, "inferior" to none. Incidentally, Yardley and Bill Russell are Californians, Pettit is from Louisiana and Hagan from Kentucky; not one is an Easterner, but we love 'em all, honest. —ED.

BASKETBALL: TOO TALL Sir:

I am very concerned about the problem of the height of pro basketball players. Slater Martin, the shortest man in the hoop, had no trouble in being accepted by the organization. Contrary to this, Alan Sedens, one inch taller than Martin, hasn't convinced his team that he's needed.

continued

AN "UP" ENCOUNTER Sir,

Here is a picture of the 1960 Princeton Nasscons, a 20-year-old sleaging group, dressed for their touch-football encounter with Yale's Whiffenpoofs, certainly the most Up (Up Squad? Down Baseball? SI, Nov. 9) sports event of the season.

The game, an annual classic, was played

(with pauses for singing during time-outs) on the morning of November 14 in Princeton, as part of the Princeton-Yale weekend festivities.

RICHARD B. MCGLYNN
Princeton, N.J.

● The score: Whiffenpoofs 24, Nasscons 6. —ED.



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Distance in 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 110, 120, 130, 140, 150, 160, 170, 180, 190, 200, 210, 220, 230, 240, 250, 260, 270, 280, 290, 300, 310, 320, 330, 340, 350, 360, 370, 380, 390, 400, 410, 420, 430, 440, 450, 460, 470, 480, 490, 500, 510, 520, 530, 540, 550, 560, 570, 580, 590, 600, 610, 620, 630, 640, 650, 660, 670, 680, 690, 700, 710, 720, 730, 740, 750, 760, 770, 780, 790, 800, 810, 820, 830, 840, 850, 860, 870, 880, 890, 900, 910, 920, 930, 940, 950, 960, 970, 980, 990, 1000, 1010, 1020, 1030, 1040, 1050, 1060, 1070, 1080, 1090, 1100, 1110, 1120, 1130, 1140, 1150, 1160, 1170, 1180, 1190, 1200, 1210, 1220, 1230, 1240, 1250, 1260, 1270, 1280, 1290, 1300, 1310, 1320, 1330, 1340, 1350, 1360, 1370, 1380, 1390, 1400, 1410, 1420, 1430, 1440, 1450, 1460, 1470, 1480, 1490, 1500, 1510, 1520, 1530, 1540, 1550, 1560, 1570, 1580, 1590, 1600, 1610, 1620, 1630, 1640, 1650, 1660, 1670, 1680, 1690, 1700, 1710, 1720, 1730, 1740, 1750, 1760, 1770, 1780, 1790, 1800, 1810, 1820, 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10th HOLE restaurant

Why? It's my opinion that short men can be even more agile than the tall men.

Two articles in your October 26 issue showed great contrast. In *Here Comes the Big Fella* at *Last* we see how Chamberlain makes good use of his height. And in *Littlest Leader* it is shown how Martin uses his 5 feet 10 inches to best advantage.

I suggest that something should be done about this problem. Basketball is steadily losing its charm and attraction. Within the next few years, all basketball players, at least 6 feet 3, will merely place the ball through the net.

DEVONNE MARTINE
North Woodbury, Conn.

FITNESS: IT IS TIME

SIR:

It is encouraging when communication media as important to the nation as **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** indicate a sensitivity to the moral fitness needs of our young people and adults, which anticipated the wave of feeling concerning the fraudulent use of competition as evidenced in the recent TV quiz scandal. With *Fitness for What?* (SI, Oct. 26) your magazine has indeed done another in the long line of constructive services in the area of character training and sportsmanship by this brief but excellent article.

JOSEPH L. BUDINGER, Director
Health, Physical Education
and Recreation
Tucson Public Schools

Tucson, Ariz.

SIR:

After the Van Doren revelation hit the morning papers I couldn't help thinking how timely your editorial on *Fitness for What?* became. It is good to see your magazine broaden its scope without lessening its morals. An attitude like yours leads instead of misdirects, and at this time in our young lives I think that's very helpful.

One thing: If you take a stand on TV fixes, why not investigate college football pool betting? When you call honesty "a de-ideation" in sport and go on to say that it is sport's "life breath," it seems strange to condemn by silence a practice as obviously illegal as it is debilitating.

G. G. HEWITT

Princeton, N.J.

● See page 66 for a discussion of the British pools.—ED.

FOOTBALL: A PROUD TOWN

SIR:

As a senior majoring in journalism at the University of Pittsburgh, I am quite surprised that a magazine of such caliber as **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** would publish such a misleading article as *A Town and Its Team* (SI, Nov. 2).

We citizens of Bradnock, Pa. are not only proud of our football team, which has gone through 54 games—undefeated, but we are also proud of our town.

Granted we still have our "dim areas," but Bradnock is not the "decaying town" it was called. Instead, the exact reverse is the truth. For the past five years Bradnock

continued



This 60-second picture was taken indoors without a flashbulb!

You are looking at the result of two remarkable new inventions for the 60-second Polaroid Land Camera: 1) 3000-speed film—so sensitive to light, you can now get sharp indoor pictures with just the light from a single table lamp.

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Zip into one of these trim new Pacific Trail jackets or surcoats . . . here's ease of action and warmth without bulk as never before! ScottFoam's the reason.

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19TH HOLE *continued*

has been actively engaged in a tremendous redevelopment program.

This article showed complete disregard for true facts. True, our team does not practice on a luxurious grass-covered field, but neither do it practice on a "grimy, stony practice field," "a flattened coal heap" or a "cinder-covered field." Our "clapboard homes" are clapboard for one important reason. Braddock is not a new housing area; the town is 204 years old. "Many players are from the slums," the article says. Correct. But why is there no mention of the fact that in the very near future these slums will not exist?

JOHN J. MESAROS

Braddock, Pa.

● Journalist Student Mesaros should have noted in the story that Braddock is now "nourishing a new optimism" amidst "painting, remodeling, rejuvenating." Both town and team can well be proud.—ED.

Sirs:

Just a reminder since you ran the article on the Braddock High School football team, they have gone on to win two more games to run their winning streak to 35 straight. On November 20 the Tigers captured their sixth straight win. A crown under Coach Chuck Klumby by defeating Waynesburg High 25-7. I enjoyed the article on our team.

JOHN SMOCKET

Braddock High School

Braddock, Pa.

FOOTBALL: DUE CREDIT

Sirs:

I have just read Roy Terrell's article *Falson on the King* (SL, Nov. 9) and I must say he's the first and possibly the only writer to even give Army credit for being in Yankee Stadium that Saturday. From all articles, descriptions and other accounts of the game the Army team and the corps of cadets appear to have been outdone in every strategy—outplayed, outfought, outspirited, outyelled, outshone—and even the famous Army snail was supposedly outclassed by the Air Force's "hopping bird."

We believe in giving credit where credit is due, and we realize that there is currently a nationwide drive to publicize our "junior" academy in Colorado; however, we don't believe it quite fair that an old, established institution, with a world-renowned reputation for quality and success should be completely run into the ground in the process.

We here at West Point will be the first to admit that the Air Force Academy has a fine football team. However, we're very proud of our team and of its showing. Giving credit where credit is due, just remember that it was the Air Force who had to come from behind to tie the Army.

(Name withheld)

West Point

KING OR JOKER?

Sirs:

I have been an avid reader of your publication since its inception. For years I

have read, in passive silence, about the exploits and achievements of the "greats" in practically every conceivable sporting contest.

Your issues have been jammed with the notables of football, basketball, tennis, swimming, etc., and even the "knights" of the chess world.

In your coverage of card games, however, I feel that you have gone amiss. True, you have had excellent coverage of most of the popular card games today. Several articles have been devoted to winning poker, and you boast a series of articles on the finesse of bridge.

However, in all your coverage, you have overlooked one game which is as fundamental to America as is the Declaration of Independence and which, I dare say, every American plays, at least sometime, during his life. The name of this game is Old Maid—a game in which I, very modestly, claim to be the Champion of the World.

I would appreciate it if you would give coverage to this most important game, and some of the outstanding players in this field. I am sure that you do not comprehend the intricacies of the game, nor the skill required, but upon request I would gladly send you details.

JOSEPH F. RYAN

Worcester, Mass.

• Reader Ryan, self-styled world champion of the Old Maid card game players, is a 19-year-old junior at Holy Cross College who claims he



OLD MAID "KING" JOSEPH RYAN

wins the bid for the title "because I've never lost any game I've ever played" (in some 50 informal matches with other college students). We pass. Any more bids?—ED.

ANSWER TO A PROBLEM Sirs:

In reply to A. Richard Davies' (1980) HOLE, Nov. 9) distribution problem of the World Series pool, it might be wise as a yardstick to utilize a pari-mutuel rule which states, "When only one horse finishes a race the place-and-show pools, if any, shall be distributed the same as in the win pool."

By this precedent, all second (or place) money would go to the holder of the one winning inning.

HAMILTON M. O'HARA

Forest Hills, N.Y.



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From the very first moment you sight through this remarkable 35mm camera, you are impressed by a sense of quality and precision. The image you see is bright, clear, full size—the picture exactly as you'll get it—all of it, even if you wear glasses. Focusing is fast, easy, positive. And the camera handles with incredible ease and speed.

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The automatic responsiveness of the new Nikon F is in itself a revelation. Add to it the incomparable quality of the Nikkor lenses—which it accepts interchangeably—and you have in your hands a camera of unlimited creative scope and versatility—a tool that gives you every right to expect the finest picture results, for it is, unquestionably, the finest 35mm reflex money can buy.

The new Nikon F Automatic Reflex with 50mm Auto-Nikkor f/1.8 lens is priced at \$329.50, and is available at all Nikon-franchised dealers. For illustrated descriptive brochure, write to Nikon Incorporated, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y. Dept. SI-11



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Pat on the Back



CAROL ZIEGLER

'I'm in control'

In the small towns of Iowa everybody plays basketball, especially the girls. When, in 1952, the little community of Olin won its way to the state tournament Carol Coleman, the team's "outside forward," got a severe case of basketball fever which has never abated. Now married (her husband, Arnie Ziegler, is the associate pastor of the Collegiate Presbyterian Church in Ames) and past her playing days, Carol could see no reason why she should not officiate at games. "I wrote a letter to the secretary of the Iowa High School Athletic

Association," recalls Carol, "just to find out whether they would let a woman referee. They sent me an application blank; I passed my examination and now I have my license." Though Carol is the first woman in Iowa ever to hold such a license she expects little trouble from the boys. "I suppose," says she, "that they'll be out to see how much they can get away with and I'll have to show them that, like every other referee, I'm in control of the game. Not that I'll be *overly* strict," adds Carol, a proponent of a good, fast game.

The Case of the Vanishing Bark

For years green firs and black bears grow up together in the vast forests of the Northwest. Then something happened that radically altered their peaceful coexistence

IN THE SUMMER of 1945, a road crew, working on a Simpson Logging Co. tree farm at the southern tip of the Olympic Peninsula in Washington, reported unusual damage to a number of young fir trees. These 10- to 20-year-old Douglas firs had been completely girdled: the bark had been torn from the trees all the way around, as if with a deliberate design to destroy them. The damage was severe and thorough, unlike the random damage caused by the scraping of the antlers of a deer or an elk. In fact, tooth and claw marks indicated that it was the work of the black bear (*Ursus americanus*), the quaint, shrewd, timid animal that the Northwest Indians called Ichfat.

The first reports of these girdled trees aroused no great alarm. Bears, for some mysterious reason, have always been known to mark certain trees. More than a century ago John James Audubon described seeing a bear approach a tree that another bear had scraped and examine it minutely, "at the same time looking around and sniffing the air. It then," he went on, "rises on its hind legs, approaches the trunk, embraces it with the forelegs, and scratches the bark with its teeth and claws for several minutes in continuance. Its jaws clash against each other until a mass of foam runs down on both sides of the mouth. After this, it continues its rambles."

Audubon did not know what to make of this, but some later naturalists concluded that the trees singled out were measuring trees. Each bear put its teeth marks as high as possible in the bark, and, as Naturalist John Burnham put it, "the one that makes the tallest mark bosses the road."

The scarred trees remained a mys-

tery, and one that, in the wilderness of the Olympic Peninsula, was destined to assume alarming overtones. When the Simpson road crew returned in the summer of 1946 they reported that the trees girdled the summer before had died. A careful check made for signs of new damage disclosed that the bears which were causing the trouble seemed to be moving eastward. The first damage had been found in the wild country of the Wynoseechee and the Wishkoh rivers, but the depredation, on a considerably larger scale, now turned up beyond the Satsop, a river flowing

southward out of the foothills of the Olympic Mountains. The same pattern of expansion continued through 1947 and 1948.

By 1950 the area was aroused. Reports of the same kind of damage to young trees were coming from all the forests of the Pacific Coast, with the heaviest damage still concentrated in the Olympic Peninsula. It reached epidemic proportions in 1950. In some plantings 50% of the young trees were destroyed.

For the lumber companies this represented a considerable loss. A big company may plant a billion trees annually—43,000 seeds per acre. At the end of five years the Douglas firs are about five feet high. When they are 35 they will be anywhere from six to 16 inches in diameter, and 70 to 90

continued

A BIG BLACK BEAR LUMBERS SLOWLY THROUGH THE FOREST, SEARCHING FOR FOOD



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High in the Virginia Alleghenies, what has been an occasional delight now becomes an all-winter attraction... skiing on two miles of slopes and trails sparkling with sunshine on man-made snow... trestle cars to lift you high in the crisp mountain air... Sepp Kober Ski School... winter sports lodge with ski shop and rentals... skating rink.
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VANISHING BARK continued

feet tall. When they reach the age of 50, natural losses will have reduced their numbers to 250 an acre. In another 30 years, at the age of 80, they are ready to be harvested.

Now this tedious cycle was being interrupted abruptly. Bears, judging by all the signs, were undoubtedly the culprits, but it seemed impossible there could be enough of them to do so much damage. The Society of American Foresters admitted the problem of tree damage was serious, and at a meeting early in 1951 set up a committee "to determine the reasons for this excessive damage, and, if possible, what measures would best solve the problem."

In the spring of that year, an experimental control area of 8,000 acres was set up in the South Olympic Tree Farm, under the direction of Oscar Levin, then managing forester. Forestry students from the University of Washington came to live on intimate terms with every tree in the control area.

The exact cause of the wreckage soon became clear. The students found that the black bears sat quietly on the ground, wrapped their forelegs around the trunk of a small Douglas fir and chewed. Finishing one tree, they moved to another. One bear could chew as many as 40 a day. The process started about April 15, when the bears woke up from their half slumber of the winter, and continued until the middle of July or early August. Then they turned to ripening berries, which provided a tastier food.

But why did the black bears suddenly make green fir a major staple of their diet? It was well known that bears had an insatiable appetite for sweets, and that they knew the delicate cambium layer beneath the bark could be pierced to let the sweet juices ooze out. But they had never indulged their appetite for sweets on such a systematic scale before.

Two reasons were finally found for this change of diet. First of all, the bears were hungry, not just for sweets but for food. Second, in the past they had never had many young trees they could tap. In the primeval, rainy forest of the Pacific Northwest no light struck down to the undergrowth. Young trees were few and far between, occasional replacements for the forest giants. The bark of the old trees was too thick to be stripped and the seedlings were too small.

continued

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THE
HOMESTEAD
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When the lumber companies' large-scale reforestation projects began, that situation changed. Large blocks of the forest were cut down and tiny seedlings planted in place of the gigantic old trees. The area came alive with blackberries, salal and grasses, which made it an ideal feeding ground for bears.

Bears came from all over and started congregating in the tree farm regions. They lived well on the berries and grasses. The bear population got bigger and bigger. In the middle '20s Ernest Thompson Seton had estimated that there were 15,000 wild bears in the Oregon and Washington national forests, or, roughly, one black bear to three square miles. In the tree farms, concentrations rose to four bears to one square mile, a population Burton Lauckhart, chief of the game department in Washington, calls "heavy" and which spells damage, always.

A PREFERENCE FOR DEER

There was little to disturb or hinder this rapid population growth. Few bears were hunted; the bears were too smart and hunters preferred to go after deer and elk, whose hunting season was roughly the same as that of the bears.

So many bears finally accumulated on the tree farms that they reached a point where they could not survive on the available supply of their traditional diet of berries. The young trees, so laboriously planted by the lumber companies some 20 or 30 years before, were at hand. They tasted good and kept the bears from starving. It was as simple as that.

"This damage to trees is not a fad or the passing fancy of a few individual bears," said Lauckhart. "It apparently is a matter of eating forest trees or starving. There is nothing really unusual in this change in their diet. I do not believe that bears had to be taught to bark trees or that it was necessary for one bear to observe another bear feeding on trees before it would develop the habit."

As a result of the findings of the Foresters Society and the revelation that damage in the experimental area went in some places as high as 75%, the state game commission declared bears predators in the five counties that make up the Olympic Peninsula (mountain area roughly the size of New Jersey). There was no season, no license was required, and bear car-

continued



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*I wanted to wish you
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*Well, say, that's nice.
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*Have a Christmas
present, too.*

Really? Not the...?

*The Athletic Board
just wrote you a
five-year contract.*

With the season we had?

Winning isn't everything. Fourth Down.

No one said that when we were losing.

True, but the Board admired your imagination.

Just a little 'ole single wing, Dean Wigglesworth.

No, I mean off the field.

Oh, say, did they like that idea?

Who wouldn't!

I couldn't get along without it.

Naturally. Mind if I ask you a rather personal question?

Not at all.

Were they expensive?

No. Twenty dollars for the four gifts.

That SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is a bargain!

It's a great magazine, too, Dean.

casses could be left in the woods. Elsewhere in Washington there was no limit on bears but a license was required. Oregon permitted hunting at any time, but did not class the bear as a predator.

Bear hunting emerged from the woods and became a respectable profession, a way of life for many. Bear hunters in Washington, for instance, may now get \$475 per month, plus \$25 for each black bear they kill.

Logging companies threw their lands open to sportsmen. Some 455 of the biggest timber owners invited hunters into about 42 million acres. Last spring officials of tree farms and individual land owners formed cooperative agreements so hunters would not merely be chasing bears out of tree farms into safe territory.

A CASE FOR TRAPPING

Some people, particularly Oscar Levin, who has emerged as the northwestern authority on bears and their feeding habits, felt that trapping was a better way to get rid of the bears than shooting them. The traps could be concentrated in the area where the bears were doing the damage and, unlike hunters, would not chase them out of the area to start new outbreaks.

Once the hunting started, the carnage was considerable. The bear kill in Washington alone came to 5,200 in 1957 and 6,900 last year. The growth of the bear population has been checked.

Tree damage, which started the whole thing, is no longer as critical as it was 10 years ago, but it is still costly. Since 1945 bears have killed a hundred trees in the Northwest forest for every one destroyed by fire. Bears are now used to a diet that includes young fir trees, and thinning out their numbers on the tree farms is not in itself enough. The big logging companies certainly don't want to exterminate the bears.

The final solution to the problem will come from the laboratory rather than from guns. It may be an almost absurdly simple one. The Pacific Northwest Injurious Animal Control has been working on something that will so change the flavor of sap that bears will leave trees alone.

"People don't chew two-by-fours, anyway," said a lumber official recently. "It won't make any difference to them if their lumber tastes bad 80 years from now."

END



CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION: THERE'S AN SI GIFT ORDER CARD BOUND IN THIS ISSUE FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE IN SENDING SI FOR CHRISTMAS A COLORFUL, WONDERFUL WAY TO SAY MERRY CHRISTMAS ALL YEAR LONG!



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